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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SOUTHERN PARTIES.

UNION AND DISUNION—THE TRUE STATE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH.

From The New York Observer.

A RECENT visit to the North satisfied me that public sentiment at the South is greatly misunderstood. One party at the North holds to the fallacy of a distinguished Senator, "that the South cannot be kicked out of the Union." Others equally hold the great fallacy, that the South has become but a nursing mother of fire-eaters. Popular presses and leaders deceive the masses, by singing to them the song of peace, peace—just as many popular presses and leaders at the South deceive the masses, by indoctrinating them with the absurd belief, there is nobody at the North true to the Constitution. If the honest masses understood how such presses and leaders are luring them on to the slippery brink of an awful precipice, they would consume them with their indignation, alike at the North and South.

There are three well defined and distinct parties at the South, and by the *South* is meant all the slaveholding States.

The first is the party of the Disunionists. This party is smallest of all; but is compact, zealous, and determined. In its ranks is found a large share of talent, but a small modicum of wealth; its members are mainly honest and sincere, believing that there will be no cessation or limit to aggressions on Southern feeling and rights; with them the conviction is settled, that the only escape from these aggressions is for the South to go out of the Union, and by so doing she would become far more prosperous and independent. Many of this party assume a high-toned disdain and superiority of the seductions of office and political distinction, which gives them great moral power with the masses. And it cannot be disguised, that the educated young men of the South are taking their positions in this party. Go where you may to a college commencement, from Virginia to Texas, and the orations are brimful of Southern wrongs and remedies. This is a significant fact, which before another decade passes must be prolific of important results, provided the present disturbing causes continue to agitate the country.

Another and by far the strongest party at the South is that of the old school of State Rights men. This party clings to the Union, but struggles for the Constitution—they hope both may be preserved—they endure and forbear, rather than tear and haste to pull down; with them the bow of hope is ever hung out on the bosom of every cloud, however black. Their political faith is firmly anchored in the virtue of the people and the saving efficacy of Republican principles. This party embraces a large majority of the people of all castes, and in all the tempests and perils which have shaken the timbers of our government they have restrained the Southern States from "shooting madly from their spheres." With them State sovereignty is Alpha and Omega. They love the Union, and will struggle long to maintain it, but when convinced the compact of Union is hopelessly broken, and no longer affords them protection for property and franchises, they will look with abiding confidence to the sovereignty of the States, as their entrenchment and rampart. This is is a quasi-Union party. They are for the Union, because they love its spirit, and proper objects. They believe, too, it may yet be rescued from its abuses and dangers. But once let their love cool down and their hope give place to despair, and this large and controlling body of men will march up and take rank with the Disunionists. And what then? Well, then will be "the beginning of the end." In passing, I may remark that this secondary party find a strong bond of adhesion to the Union, in the fact that thus far no hostile administration has been installed at Washington. Talk to them about revolt and separation of the States, and they tell you, not whilst an administration is in power, put in largely by Southern votes. But let an administration go in on the principle of "an irrepressible conflict between the non-slaveholding and slaveholding States," and they will put their houses in order, for life or death. They care but little who control the government, Northern men, or Southern men, so long as the Constitution is preserved and protects them—but when oppressions become intolerable, and all other remedies fail, they will strike for independence. The writer belongs to this class, and claims to know their feelings and views.

The third party is, par excellence, a Union party. This party is highly respectable, and embraces many of the wealthiest men of the South. No delusion is greater than that the slaveholders as a body are for extreme measures. On the contrary, upon the well known principle that property is timid, they have always counted the cost of separation, whilst others have pressed for decisive action. There are those in this party who believe the Union is the great paramount good, and who would suffer much and long, before giving it up; candor compels me to say, however, the number of these is small and growing less as we recede from revolutionary times and associations. The religious element enters somewhat into this party. Pious men see in a dissolution of the Union an utter check to the progress of religion, and that Zion will be filled with desolations, and all her now pleasant habitations and gorgeous palaces. Since the splits in some of the denominations, it is but too apparent, this element of Union is dying out. Indeed some of the Churches are now, more or less, propagandists of disunion sentiments; many of their officers and members holding, as there was no peace for them in ecclesiastical union, so there cannot long continue any national political fraternity. Another class in this party are those who look with fear and trembling to the consequences of disunion; to their vision, clouds and darkness rest upon the prospect—strife, bloodshed, and civil war, and a wild pandemonium of evil passions let loose to scourge the land, crowd the picture with horrors dire and revolting.

It may be asked are there not those in the South who sympathize with the Abolitionists? I answer, yes; but they are scarce as white crows. None such are ever found, except a few straggling Northern men, who are bent on acquiring notoriety, or of doing mischief. In a residence of near a half century at the South, I have yet to find the first man "to the manor born," who does not hold in detestation the mad and dangerous schemes of these people. And it may be said with truth, ninety-nine out of every hundred Northern men who live at the South, coming as they do with prejudices against slavery, soon see that the Abolitionists are the greatest enemies to the slave, because they proposed measures utterly impracticable, and only tending to rivet his chains.

But no more. If the North and South understood each other better, if not more respectful, they would at least be more cautious and considerate one to the other.

A. GEORGIAN.

BEAUTIES OF FANATICISM.—A striking instance of the practical working of such fanatical teachings as those inculcated by the leaders of Abolitionism, Woman's Rightsism, Non-resistantism and their cognate follies and absurdities, is furnished in the will left behind him by the late Mr. Hovey, the Boston dry goods dealer. It seems that he made Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Abby Foster and her husband, and other notorious agitators, the principal legatees of his property, with directions that a certain other portion of it be expended under their auspices in putting down slavery, war, banks, taxes, monopolies, the Union, the Constitution and the pulpit.

He particularly requests in his will, that no prayers be offered at his funeral, and that no priest be invited to perform any ceremony whatever over his body; remarking (by way of accounting for the request), that the priesthood "are an order of men, falsely assuming to be reverend and divine, pretending to be called of God; the great body of them in all countries, on the side of power and oppression; the world too long cheated by them, and the sooner they are unmasked, the better for humanity."

Now, this man, an unhappy victim of such doctrines as he had been in the habit of hearing inculcated by that raft of designing demagogues who occupy the platforms of anti-slavery anniversary meetings, was one of the many who acquire no small part of their wealth from the very persons whom, their ends obtained, they are so fond of denouncing. This Hovey was a fashionable mercer of Boston, and made his money under the safeguards and sanctions of the institutions he would have his executors spend it in undermining and overthrowing.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SOUTHERN ANTI-SLAVERYISM.—The report of the American Missionary Association, at its recent anniversary in Boston, contains some singular statements of fact. The Society has under its patronage in Kentucky, ten Churches, all of whom refuse to fellowship slaveholders. Two of these Churches were organized during the past year. Its colporters, too, are cordially received, as they go from house to house, "distributing and selling" anti-slavery publications. In North Carolina its missionaries labor successfully; speak openly against Southern institutions, without pains or penalties; and have organized anti-slavery Churches, with larger congregations than the pro-slavery Churches of the same sections.

This intrusion of a foreign, revolutionary and fanatical influence into the South, deserves consideration. Our faults chastise, our omissions of duty return to plague us. We fail to prosecute home missions with due efficiency, and leave destitution in our midst, to be supplied by men from abroad, who "scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death," in the name of the gospel. Let the Churches awake to a sense of their obligation in the premises. Let the South at least instruct her own people.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

Selections.

LOLA MONTEZ ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From the (London) Morning Star, June 13.

A NUMEROUS and respectable audience assembled on Friday evening last, in the great concert room, St. James's Hall, to hear from Madame Lola Montez a development of her views upon American slavery, and the peculiarities of the negroes upon the plantations in the Southern States, as witnessed by herself. She commenced her discourse by a reference to the inveterate habit of the Americans of boasting of their own country. They were wont, she said, to describe it as bounded on the north by the North Star, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the setting orb of day, and on the south by all creation. Some not very novel jokes were related in illustration of the ability displayed by Brother Jonathan, when engaged in the game of "brag." Let no Englishman hope to compete with a genuine Yankee in the art of glorifying his own country; if he did he would be sure to get the worst of it. Madame Montez then referred to numerous statistics, descriptive of the extent, variety, and riches of the soil, and its capacity for producing to an unlimited extent every article of tropical and inter-tropical growth, whether in the shape of wines, fruits, grains, or the raw materials for manufacturing purposes.

The United States of America were competent to sustain a population of more than the present entire number of the inhabitants of the globe, and be then no more densely peopled than Great Britain. The lecturer then proceeded to discuss the question of a dissolution of the Union, and contended that the entire nation would rather "give up the ghost" than suffer itself to be disintegrated. The tendency of the political elements in America was not towards disunion and a congeries of separate republics; but towards a form of government resembling a limited monarchy. Noisy, babbling, brawling politicians might in petty towns advocate, for local purposes, a separation of one section of the country from the other; but at a presidential election the nation had but one heart, which in its every pulse beat with invincible and undying loyalty to the Union. The fire-eaters of the South, and the abstract philanthropists of the North, might declaim against the present federation; but there was one thing which would equally prevent both the North and the South from destroying the Union, and that was—interest. If, however, the States were to be sundered, it would be the North that would suffer most; the South would become a manufacturing community, would build cotton mills upon the banks of their own rivers, would make their own shoes, and weave their own fabrics, while the Northern States would rapidly decay, and ultimately be reduced to ruin. The next branch of the subject was the character of the anti-slavery movement in the United States. Its leaders were described as crazy, infidel, and hypocritical. They were interested men who did not seek the abolition of slavery more than that of the Government, the Church and Christianity itself. She had heard, she said, Mr. Garrison, the father of the movement, declare on an anti-slavery platform in New York, in 1853, that he would sooner Christianity should perish from the earth than that one slave should remain an hour in bondage. She had heard Mr. Wendell Phillips pronounce the Union a curse, and add that he could not thank God for having given to America freedom and Washington. The lecturer claimed acquaintanceship with both these gentlemen, especially with the latter, whom she styled a brilliant orator. The audience were assured that the anti slavery cause in the United States was dying out, and that the once magnificent gatherings in New York during anniversary week had dwindled down to three or four score poor miserable beings with sour, crotchety faces, in some dark room. This was the state of things as she had herself beheld it during the spring of last year. The abolition lecturers were most of them "unsuccessful preachers," and gained no admission into respectable or wealthy families, but put up at the houses of benevolent and simple-minded Quakers, or "the better class of niggers." The philanthropists of England should know that the sympathy and money they have given to this cause had only riveted more firmly the bars of the slave's prison-house, and had indefinitely postponed the day of his manumission. The condition of the slaves, as described by the lecturer, reminded us strongly of the lively pictures drawn by the advocates of our colonial slave system a generation ago. The lecturer had lived amongst them; she had talked with them; she had seen them lolling and basking at the door of the planter's house, talking as if they were members of the family. They were fat, lazy, and contented. They pitied the condition of the white laborers of this country, who they were taught to believe lived in hovels, holes, and dungeons. If the slave States should become a separate and independent republic, not even the fragment of an army would be needed for the purpose of overawing the slave population. A civil police would be the only force required to maintain law and order, for the negroes were as contented, peaceable, and well-conditioned as any laboring class in the world. The lecturer said she declined to discuss the question of the abstract lawfulness of slavery, and its agreement with the principles of humanity, justice and religion, and warned the British public against intermeddling in the domestic affairs of their brethren across the Atlantic. With regard to the ultimate issue of the great question, there could be no doubt slavery was an abomination that cried to heaven. There were thousands in the slave States who were kindly and well-disposed; but they were silent through terror of Lynch law—a law, in comparison with which that of Draco was merciful. The people of England should leave the question alone, and the Americans would do the work in their own way, and finally the stars and stripes would flutter in the breeze over a free, glorious, and happy republic, and stand like the flag of England, (which might God long defend) the proud emblem of universal liberty (cheers).

At the close of the meeting, handbills were distributed, announcing that on Wednesday evening (the 15th inst.), Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of color, and a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, would lecture in the Music Hall, Store-street, at eight o'clock, and reply to the statements of Lola Montez respecting the Abolitionists of the United States.

REMARKS OF THE MORNING STAR.

We have inserted, elsewhere, a report of a meeting recently convened for the purpose of enabling a lady, who has obtained an unenviable notoriety over at least three-quarters of the globe, an opportunity of laying before the British public a statement of her opinions on the momentous question of American slavery. The lecture was a written one, and was recommended by clearness of articulation, a fine voice, and by graceful and appropriate action. It does not appear to us, however, to have been a production calculated to satisfy the expectations of those who might have been desirous of obtaining information upon the topics announced in the programme. The first half of the discourse consisted of statistical details, appertaining to the agricultural wealth, mineral resources, and the past and probable future population of the United States, interspersed with stale anecdotes and attempts at humor. The rest was made up of aspersions upon the character of the leading Abolitionists of America, and assertions respecting the condition of the slaves utterly at variance with the facts stated by all reliable authorities whose works have reached this country during the last twenty-five years. The sins of omission on the part of the speaker were as glaring as those of commission. No one present could learn, from anything said on the occasion, either the number of the slaves, the laws under which they are held, or anything regarding the manner in which they are treated. A twelve years' acquaintance with their condition enabled the lecturer to say no more than that they were fat and lazy—that she had seen them lolling at the doors of their masters' houses, talking as if they had been members of the family, and that they were as contented and well-conditioned as any laboring class on any part of the globe. A careful, patient, and persevering investigation into the origin, progress, and present state of the anti slavery movement had resulted in nothing but the discovery that the friends of emancipation were selfish and hypocritical, that they had fallen by their rashness and infidelity into insignificance and contempt, and that the effect of their measures had been to rivet more firmly than ever the bars of the prison-house of the four millions now in bondage. The conclusion of the whole matter was this—that the people of England should be satisfied with the triumphs they had achieved in the cause of humanity and freedom, under the leadership of Clarkson and Wilberforce, and should abstain from meddling with "the domestic affairs" of their brethren across the Atlantic, who were ready to overlook a thousand faults in us, but were too sensitive to endure even so much as a hint at a single vice in themselves. Thus, summarily, did Madame Lola Montez dismiss the subject of American slavery, with reference both to the institution of slavery itself and that great struggle between the North and the South which has convulsed the United States from the circumference to the centre during the last quarter of a century.

The slaves, we are told, are happy and contented. How, then, has it happened that not fewer than forty thousand, who were in this enviable position a few years ago, have sought and found an asylum on British soil in Canada, exposed on their way thither to the fury of the slave-hunter's bloodhounds, the deadly aim of the rifle, and the operations of the remorseless Fugitive Slave law, which punishes with fine and imprisonment the Good Samaritan who gives a cup of cold water to the weary wanderer, in search of a spot of earth on which he may stand erect, and say, "Now I am no man's slave?" If the condition of the slave is that of fatness, sloth and satisfaction, how is it that there are thousands, even in the Southern States, who desire his emancipation, but dare not express what they long for, lest they should fall the victims of the Lynch law in comparison with which the bloody code of Draco was merciful. But enough. For ourselves we do not require to go to the men who were denounced by name in St. James's Hall (albeit nobler or better men do not exist), for information on which to found our judgment in regard to American slavery. While we write, we have around us the slave codes of all the Southern States; the works of Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, Channing, Goodell, Weld, Angelina Grimke, and Harriet Beecher Stowe; together with innumerable speeches in Congress by such men as John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner, Seward, Giddings, Horace Mann, and Gerrit Smith, whose united testimony to the character and influence of American slavery rebukes the hardihood, while it refutes the falsehoods and fallacies sought to be palmed upon the credulity of an English audience under the name of an evening's amusement. Touching the expressions attributed to two distinguished American Abolitionists we may observe, that it is within our knowledge that the allegation involved in the first is disproved by the authentic record of the proceedings of the meeting referred to, which has come under our own eye; and we have no doubt that the second, if ever employed, was explained and justified by the context of the speech. The Divine precepts of Christianity are by none more consistently practised, or more faithfully proclaimed, than by the men who were wantonly held up to odium on Friday evening last.

Not more truthful than the rest of her statements was that made by Madame Montez, relating to the alleged dying condition of the anti-slavery cause. From documents now before us we learn that the donations obtained by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society in Boston at Christmas last, in lieu of the usual contributions to an annual bazaar, amounted to the sum of 6,000 dollars, while the anniversary meetings of the parent Society, held in New York, have taken their place for many years amongst the most largely attended and deeply interesting meetings occurring during the month of May. To the labors of the Anti-Slavery Society is to be ascribed the change and partial renovation of public sentiment on the question of slavery throughout New England, the Middle, and most of the Western States—a change denoted by the fact that Mr. Fremont, the professed anti-slavery candidate at the last Presidential election, obtained a majority of the votes of the entire voting population, and was only defeated by the choice of Mr. Buchanan in the Electoral Colleges.

We need not repeat in this place that we are opposed to every description of interference in the political affairs of foreign nations, and, in accordance with our established principles, we leave the American people to deal with the political aspects of slavery as they may think fit, unless they should require diplomatic action on the part of our government; but upon the moral and religious aspects of the question, we claim for ourselves, and for all our countrymen, the right of boldly avowing our opinions, and of sending our sympathy, and, if disposed our money with it, to those who are engaged in the arduous and praiseworthy work of disseminating those great truths by the power of which the overthrow of slavery can alone be brought about. The parties actually engaged in the abolition struggle in the United States are the persons best qualified to estimate the value of the countenance and moral support of the enlightened and humane public of this country, and we know that they appreciate most highly every expression of opinion in favor of their cause, through whatever channel it may reach them. We venture to tell itinerant lecturers of both sexes, that while we shall carefully avoid, unless compelled to do otherwise, the discussion of their own individual characters, we shall not allow them to defame with impunity the reputation of those whom we know to belong to the most illustrious examples of virtue and philanthropy. When that day shall come, in which "the stars and stripes shall flutter in the breeze, over a free, glorious, and happy land," no names on the scroll of American patriots, or amongst the world's benefactors, will shine brighter, or be more honored, than the names of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips.

LOLA MONTEZ REVIEWED BY MISS REMOND.

From The (London) Morning Star, June 16.

MISS SARAH P. REMOND, a lady of color from the United States of America, last evening delivered a lecture on American Slavery, to a highly respectable audience, in the Music Hall, Store street, Bedford square. The lecturer was introduced by

MR. L. A. CHAMEROVZOW, who said that, as Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, he had much pleasure in bespeaking for Miss Remond the kind attention of the meeting. His acquaintance with her had been short, but her reputation for zeal and labor in the anti-slavery cause, had been known to him for years. The lady's brother was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1840, and was well remembered for the eloquence he displayed on that occasion. Within the few previous days, a lecture on the same subject, but of a very different character from that which would on that night be heard, had been delivered by a lady of unenviable reputation, whose statements Miss Remond would feel it her duty to refute.

MISS REMOND then rose, and said she was the representative in the first place of four millions of human beings held in slavery in a land boasting of its freedom—of 400,000 persons of color nominally free, but treated worse than criminals. She was the representative also of that body of Abolitionists in the United States, reproachfully called Garrisonians; an epithet, however, which she deemed it an honor to appropriate. What was the crime of the millions thus enslaved? The head and front of their offending was the color of their skin. She did not represent the politicians of the country, nor even the religious sentiment of the country, for that had been corrupted by the influence of slavery. Her audience must discriminate between the Northern and the Southern States. The former were seventeen in number, and were called the free States; the latter were sixteen, and in many of those the slaves formed the majority of the population. In the former, labor was honorable, dignified, and respected; in the latter it was the badge of degradation; and the whites who were necessitated to toil were held in even more contempt than the slaves themselves. The gross number of actual slaveholders was not more than 340,000; yet they controlled the public sentiment of the entire country as well as its domestic policy, through their combined influence in Congress. She pleaded especially on behalf of her own sex. Words were inadequate to express the depth of the infamy into which they were plunged by the cruelty and licentiousness of their brutal masters. If English women and English wives knew the unspeakable horrors to which their sex were exposed on Southern plantations, they would freight every westward gale with the voice of their moral indignation, and demand for the black woman the protection and rights enjoyed by the white. It was a dark and evil hour when the first slave ship landed its unhallowed cargo upon the soil of Virginia. But it was a still darker one when the patriots of the revolution compromised their principles and incorporated slavery in the Federal Constitution. She (the lecturer) knew something of the trials and toils of the women of England—how, in the language of Hood, they were made to "stitch, stitch, stitch," till weariness and exhaustion overtook them. But there was this immeasurable difference between their condition and that of the slavewoman—that their persons were free and their progeny their own; while the slavewoman was the victim of the heartless lust of her master, and the children whom she bore were his property. The situation of the free colored population was one of deep degradation. They were expelled from railway cars and steamboats, and excluded, even in the house of God, from the privileges common to other worshippers. It was easy to be an Abolitionist in England, but not so in the United States. Miss Remond then traced the career of Mr. Garrison from the year 1833 to the present time, and recounted in a touching manner the perils to which he had been exposed, the sacrifices he had made, and the progress which had been effected by his unwearied labors during the last quarter of a century. She had listened with indignation a few nights before to the statement that the slaves were happy and contented. If so, why had more than 40,000 fled to the free soil of Canada, and were ready to sell their lives in defence of the sovereignty of Queen Victoria? The lecturer read an affecting account of the sale at auction of a woman who was recommended on account of her being undistinguishable by complexion from the white race, for her unsullied virtue, her personal beauty, and her elevated piety, and who, for these reasons, brought a high price that she might become the mistress of some depraved monster. The lecturer paid a high tribute to Mr. Wendell Phillips, who, with Mr. Garrison, had been traduced by the person whose assertions she had already noticed, and concluded by pointing out the value to the American anti-slavery cause of those expressions of sympathy which it was in the power of the people of England to send across the Atlantic, which would cheer the hearts of those engaged in the great struggle now going on, and tend greatly to advance the cause of negro emancipation.

Miss Remond was listened to with great attention and much apparent interest, and sat down amidst great applause.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON said he had no doubt, from the sympathy which had been manifested by the audience, they would be prepared to adopt a resolution which he had prepared as appropriate to the occasion. Some persons might think it a strange thing that a woman should stand up in public to speak on the subject of slavery; but, in his judgment, she was the most fitting representative of the two millions in her own country who most deeply felt the influence of the polluting, imbruting, and soul-withering system of slavery. The first person who raised the standard of immediate emancipation in England was Elizabeth Heyrick; the Walter Scott of anti-slavery literature, who had drawn in imperishable colors the pictures of Eva and Uncle Tom, was a woman. Men were too much engaged in secular occupations to give more than an occasional attention to the wrongs of the slave; but when a woman became interested, her whole soul was absorbed in the subject, and she was constant, in season and out of season, in her efforts for the redemption of the oppressed. The resolution he had to propose was the following: "That this meeting welcomes to the metropolis of England Miss Sarah P. Remond, and would assure her of their deep sympathy with her in her labors on behalf of the slave; of their detestation of the system the evils of which she has so ably exposed; and of their earnest wish that her future labors, on both sides of the Atlantic, may be crowned with success." Mr. Thompson, after dwelling at some length on the present state of public feeling in America on the anti-slavery question, sat down amidst loud cheers.

MR. WILLIAM CRAFT, a man of color and a fugitive slave, seconded the resolution, and made some observations in confirmation of the statements of the lecturer.

The Rev. W. H. BONNER seconded the resolution; and, alluding to the lecture of Lola Montez, said that if the condition of the slave was as good as she had represented it, she had better go to the Southern States herself, where she would doubtless find a purchaser, and learn from experience the truth of which she seemed at present so lamentably ignorant. He urged the necessity of calling upon the religious bodies of England to dissolve their relationship with the slaveholding Churches of America. He regretted that the question which had that night been discussed had not been brought forward at the late meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

MR. CHAMEROVZOW in explanation, said that ample justice had been done to the question in the report he had prepared for the meeting alluded to, and that the omission was the result of accident. He fully recognized the principle of the American Anti-Slavery Society; he honored the members of that body; and did not hesitate to say, that in heart and soul he also was a Garrisonian Abolitionist. He hoped that very shortly he should have another and public opportunity of going into the subject, and showing his respect for and sympathy with the lady who had that night so much interested the audience there assembled.

The resolution was put and carried unanimously. Miss Remond returned thanks; and the meeting separated.

JOSEPH STURGE AND THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[IN THE STANDARD of June 18th we published GEORGE THOMPSON'S warm eulogium upon the late JOSEPH STURGE. We now give place to *The* (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate's* exposition of Mr. Sturge's course in respect to the American Society and its friends—a point to which Mr. Thompson made no allusion.—*Ed. Standard.*]

As editor of a paper devoted to the abolition of American slavery, and as being from profound conviction in full unity with the principles and mode of action of the American Anti-Slavery Society, we feel bound to say that the powerful social influence of Mr. Sturge has for nearly twenty years been opposed to the uphill efforts of one of the noblest associations for the benefit of mankind which has ever existed, and that to his hostility may be attributed much of the apathy and ignorance respecting the American Anti-Slavery Society which unfortunately prevail on this side of the Atlantic.

When Mr. Garrison first visited England, in the year 1833, he found in Mr. Sturge a warm friend and active fellow-laborer in his endeavors to attract the attention of the British people to the subject of American slavery, and more especially to the necessity of distinguishing between bona fide efforts for its overthrow, and the hypocritical pretences of the American Colonization Society, which, under a show of promoting the interests of the colored race and the good of Africa, had engaged in a Quixotic scheme for clearing the United States of its free colored inhabitants, and thus at one stroke freeing the slaveholders from their hated presence, and furnishing Africa with missionaries of Christianity and civilization. When Mr. Garrison first commenced his single-handed labors at home, and raised his uncompromising standard of emancipation, his watchword being "SLAVERY IS A SIN, AND AS SUCH SHOULD IMMEDIATELY BE ABANDONED," he labored under the delusion that this self-evident truth had only to be forcibly presented to all Christians, and especially to all Christian ministers, in order to secure universal acceptance. But he was speedily undeceived. Single-minded and uncompromising himself, he had not reckoned on the powerful influence of those maxims of ambition, expediency, and self-interest by which sects, like all other human institutions, are controlled. The result was, that as he had resolved that he "would not equivocate," that he "would not retreat a single inch," and that he "would be heard," he persevered in his agitation, and in his incessant calls upon sects and parties to square their practice with their principles, and was speedily regarded with general execration by clergy and politicians as an infidel, a traitor, and a disorganizer, who, for the sake of pursuing an unattainable phantom, was willing to discredit religion, and throw the policy of his country into confusion. It was only the other day that Miss Sarah P. Remond was in like manner denounced as an infidel by some Methodists in Waterford, because she stated well-known facts respecting the pro-slavery course of the American Methodists; and the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society were reported as a handful of infidels by Bishop Simpson and Rev. Dr. McClintock on their return to America, because they had ventured to expose the pro-slavery position of these Reverend gentlemen at home, while they were travelling in England under false colors as Abolitionists—as nearly all the American clergy who travel in England do. This evil reputation of infidelity has adhered to the most eminent and the most persevering of the Abolitionists ever since. Continually obliged to expose the mean, shuffling, and criminal course of the American Churches and clergy in reference to slavery, the retort is always ready that the Abolitionists are infidels and enemies to religion. Such a charge is far more easily made than answered to the satisfaction of that large and shallow class, who regard sectarian and clerical corporations as identical with religion—and who cannot perceive the noblest and most effective manifestations of true piety in lives of practical, self-denying devotion to a God-like, however unpopular, enterprise for the best interests of the human race. If purity of life, unstained by the imputation of immorality or meanness, joined with a determined assertion of the right to think for themselves on religious subjects—freely conceding that same liberty to others—do not recommend the Abolitionists to the respect of those whose respect is worth having, where shall we go for people to esteem? However, this is exactly the position of the Abolitionists—and it is one which Mr. Sturge was unable to appreciate. When Mr. Garrison with several of his friends and coadjutors visited England a second time in 1840, as delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, which was held in London in that year, Mrs. Lucretia Mott and some other female delegates from the American Anti-Slavery Society, were refused admission on the pretence that the presence of women on equal terms in such an assembly was contrary to British usage. Mr. Garrison and others declined to enter the Convention from which some of his ablest and bravest coadjutors were excluded, and shortly after some American delegates, who have been hardly heard of in their own country as Abolitionists ever since, travelled through England under the patronage of Mr. Sturge, in company with Mr. Scoble, at that time Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and who has also long since ceased to be known in connection with the anti-slavery cause. Their tour was professedly for the purpose of promoting the abolition of American slavery, but was to a great extent employed to spread untrue and malicious insinuations, injurious to the reputation of Mr. Garrison and the usefulness of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The results of this circumstance have been the deadness, indifference, and ignorance, respecting the whole subject of American slavery and the efforts for its abolition, which are so remarkably prevalent in England, and no where more so than amongst the members of the associations auxiliary to the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society" which keeps an office and maintains a staff at 27 New Broad-street, London.

During all these years which have intervened between the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention" in 1840, and this present year 1859, the American Anti-Slavery Society has steadily held upon its course, notwithstanding an amount of disheartening apathy, misrepresentation and opposition, such as few if any philanthropic efforts have had to encounter for an equal space of time. In their attempts to touch the public conscience, they have had to show forth the hollowness of sects and parties, and to withstand the terrific force of a hostile public opinion which nowhere prevails with such unrestrained power as in the United States. None but remarkably vigorous minds, or those in whom intense conviction supplies the place of natural vigor, would have sustained such a struggle. It was not the least painful part of their experience to find that men who had attained a high place in the public estimation in England—such as Joseph Sturge—were unable to see through the mists raised against them by bigotry and popular prejudice. The result was inevitable, and their efforts against the giant evil of their country have been so much the more difficult under the united opposition of the professors of religion and patriotism in America, and of many of the most eminent leaders in Exeter Hall in England. However, although in England they have had to rely chiefly upon the aid of a few men and women but little known to the public, their claims to sympathy and assistance are increasingly recognized, and the names of the leading American Abolitionists are rapidly becoming household words in the popular ear.

It is remarkable that all the modes of operation of the American Anti-Slavery Society are purely educational and moral. They object to the formation of a political anti-slavery party, so long as all the national standards of political action are founded upon a Constitution which recognizes slavery, and until the public sentiment of the free States at least is so far changed that it shall be opposed to slavery, and not favorable to its continuance on the plea of keeping good faith and unity with the slaveholders. The Abolitionists are opposed to violence in the promotion of their object. They are eminently peace men. Many of them are even non-resistants, founding their principles on the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. Yet it is very remarkable that they have met with some of their greatest discouragements in England from the members of a sect—the Society of Friends—which at its commencement was everywhere misrepresented, hated and bitterly persecuted as anarchical, fanatical and heretical, and of which the founders only succeeded in conquering the public obloquy and dislike by purity of life, and an obstinate adherence to their own standards of right in faith and practice.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

A HARD CASE.

From the National Era.

THE facts narrated below furnish the most unquestionable evidence that the maxim of Chief Justice Taney, which asserts that "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect," is a practical fact in the District of Columbia:

On the 28th day of March last, Emanuel Mason (free colored man of this city, and District of Columbia) was tried and convicted, in the Criminal Court of this city and District, on the grave charge of "harboring and entertaining slave boy Ben, in February last, for one hundred hours!" The indictment contained three counts, under some old barbarous colonial law, concocted and devised by whom nobody knows—long since obsolete and forgotten, for its nominal date is 1707, nearly 100 years before the American Revolution; and the *fine*, under said old "BRITISH ACT," was, "*one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour for one hundred hours.*"

The facts in the case are these: Said Mason and his wife were once the slaves of Miss Sally or Sarah Forrest, and all resided near Marlboro', Md. Some years since, said Emanuel Mason was taken sick, and was confined with inflammatory rheumatism, and was, by the doctors, given up as incurable. The mistress then offered to sell him for $100, but no one would buy him. After a long while, he began to get a little better, and his mistress then offered him for $300, but nobody would buy him. Then the mistress told Mason that she would sell him to himself for the $300, and he might pay her by instalments. He did agree to buy himself, and has since paid all of the $300 purchase money.

In the meantime, he has partially recovered his health and strength, has *hired* his wife by the month and by the year, kept house, and raised several children at his own expense; and as soon as they have become large enough to be of service—say at about ten years—these children have all been taken from him and put to service, or sold, by his late mistress, who is still the mistress of his wife. About six years since, the said Mason moved to Washington with his slave wife, where the mistress had taken up her residence. He brought with him the *last* three children of *his* family, bone of his bone and blood of his blood, but the mistress claimed them as *her* property, although all reared at Mason's expense. The oldest of the three—an active girl, now about fourteen years of age—was taken away four or five years since; the next, a son, was taken away about two or three years since. *Then* there was left only "Little Ben," now about ten years old, if alive!

No doubt the father *felt* that affection for the child which kind nature prompted. About one year since, or perhaps more, the mistress took the wife (and mother) home to her own house, leaving only "*little Ben*" with the aged father, and rumor said the boy would soon be sent for also. Then, how appropriate the language of poor old Jacob (Israel), "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin *away!*" And in September last, one of the numerous "*uniformed*" police of this city approached the humble residence of said Mason, in pursuit of the little boy "Benjamin." When *Ben*, who was a short distance from the house, saw this "*uniformed*" officer of the Government, he ran off to parts unknown. The officer did not see the boy Ben; or, if he did, he did *not* know him; but demanded the boy of the father, who had him not in his possession or power, and has probably not seen little Ben since. When the officer could not find the boy, he requested Mason (the father) to go and look up the boy, and bring him to the office. This he neglected to do. In a few days thereafter, the officer arrested said Mason, and took him before Justice William Mulloy, Esq., but, nothing unlawful appearing against said Mason, he was in due time discharged. In February last, a certain uniformed police officer, and a certain other justice of the peace, appeared, at early dawn in the morning, at the premises or residence of said Mason, and in hot haste hurried him off to jail, where he was kept two or three days, and then released on $1,500 bail—$2,000 was at first required—and on the day first above named, said Mason was convicted, and forty-nine days did this really innocent, industrious, honest, poor man suffer in a most filthy jail, incarcerated with felons, without a bed, and with very poor, scanty food, waiting for the decision or sentence of the court, which we find announced in the *National Intelligencer* of May 17, 1859, in these words: "Emanuel Mason (colored), *recently* convicted of harboring his son, a slave, the property of Miss Forrest, was yesterday sentenced to pay a fine of $166.66, being $1 66 for every hour the slave was so harbored; one-half of said amount to go to the use of the owner of the slave, and the other half to the United States. The defendant was prayed in jail till the fine shall be paid" (together with all costs), making a total of about $200, besides about fifty-three days spent in jail!!!

Now, is *not* that paying pretty dear for the alleged performance of a filial or parental duty? The District Attorney consented to let Mason go at liberty upon *ample* security that the fine and costs be paid in ninety days.

Society, humanity, Christianity, have you no interest in this and hundreds of analogous cases?

Is there no necessity for a code of laws for this District? Let parents who have hearts and consciences answer.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., May 10, 1859.

To Hon. Judge Crawford:

We, the subscribers, neighbors and acquaintances of Emanuel Mason, do most respectfully ask your Honor to be as *lenient* as possible in said Mason's case. We have for years known Mason to be an industrious, moral, temperate, *poor*, peaceable, honest man; and we have reason to believe that "*little Ben*" (who is the last and youngest child of Mason) left Mason's residence *without* any direction of his father, the said Emanuel. And, further, we do know that "little Ben" was raised from birth and infancy in the house and at the cost of said Emanuel, his father; and that he had *never* been out of the possession of Mason, up to the time the officer came for the boy in September last. And, further, we do *not* believe that Emanuel knows anything of his ("Ben's") whereabouts. And, further, please to take into consideration the fact that Emanuel has been confined in jail a long time, to wit, more than forty days *since* his trial and conviction. And, finally, think, oh! think, of a father's feelings.

JOHN W. MILLER, NICHOLAS MCCUBBIN,
AMOS HUNT, S. C. BRADLEY,
W. S. WRIGHT, ELIAS H. EAKLE,
T. LOWELL.

We understand that the wife of Mason has been purchased by a gentleman who is willing to take the price he gave for her, $230. Those who wish to contribute to the benevolent object of liberating her are requested to make their remittances to Lewis Clephane, Esq., *National Era* Office, Washington.

CASE UNDER THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

From The National Intelligencer.

A case of peculiar character and more than ordinary interest,

pose which called them together. The members from the large slaveholding counties, with the fatuity and arrogance which is characteristic of the class, would have adopted the most ultra measures. They would have recommended the expulsion or sale of the free negroes, without the least regard for justice or humanity; but such men as James A. Pearce, an intelligent and cool-headed man, appealed to them in this wise: "There are eighty thousand free negroes in Maryland. They are employed in the country by the small farmers, who are unable to buy slaves, and in the city of Baltimore and other towns, as domestic servants. You propose to drive them from the State; but how do you propose to supply their places? Would you precipitate the introduction of eighty thousand Germans and Irish, to be added to the Free Soil interest, which is even now threatening every year to manifest itself?" This appeal fell with great force upon the minds of the rabid but unsophisticated country gentry; and the fact that it never once occurred to them until they arrived in Baltimore, shows the deplorable ignorance of the outer world which prevails amid the Chinese seclusion of slavery. They staggered under the weight of this new idea; and they were completely floored when the same cool-headed gentlemen proceeded to inoculate them with another; for, continued they, "you must also reflect that an effort to drive the free negroes from the State will not only revolt the moral sense of Maryland and of the whole North, but, what is equally material to you, it will arouse the stern opposition of the aforesaid class of non-slaveholding employers of these free negroes. By your selfish regard for slavery, to the exclusion of all other interests, you force this class, far more numerous than yours, into the ranks of Free Soilers. They will demand emancipation, and you will in vain resist a demand which is enforced by the real and fancied material welfare of the whole body of the people who are not slaveholders."

These arguments brought the propagandists to their senses; and, Balaam-like, they prophesied for the free negroes, instead of against them.

We regard this abortive movement of the Maryland slaveholders as a highly important sign of the times. It shows the decrepitude of slavery in that border slave State, and we may in future expect to see the spirit of freedom rising as slavery recedes. There were 417,943 white people in Maryland in 1850, and of this number only 16,040 were slaveholders. Allowing that each slaveholder had five in a family, there would be eighty thousand people of all ages interested in upholding slavery. This is less than one-fifth of the white population. So that four-fifths of the white people of Maryland have no earthly interest in upholding slavery; and there can be no shadow of doubt, with any intelligent man, that the real estate owned by this class would be greatly augmented by the removal of slavery; and that their commerce and business would increase in equal proportion. They are beginning to find out these important facts; and the recent break-down of the Slavery party, by confessing their weakness, will embolden the non-slaveholders to assert their views.

We have given above the figures of the census of 1850. At the present moment, the relative weakness of slavery would appear more conspicuous if a new census were taken. The result of the enumeration next year will exhibit slavery in a condition of hopeless decrepitude. The city of Baltimore, which in 1850 had less than one hundred and seventy thousand, will have added quite a hundred thousand to its population; the northern line of counties will have increased in like proportion; while the slave population will be in all probability less by thousands than under the census of 1850. Slavery has nearly ceased to exist in the counties bordering on Pennsylvania and Delaware; and the habits of the people are becoming assimilated to those of a non-slaveholding people. The day is not far off when the anti-slavery spirit will break forth with far more spirit in Maryland than it exhibits in Missouri. Public opinion is gradually ripening for the revolution. There were in 1850 only 90,000 slaves in a total population of 583,000, or less than one in six. Next year, the slaves will not exceed an eighth of the total population. Everything conspires to break down the system. The demand for slave labor increases in the South, tempting the slaveholders to sell, or to emigrate; while the facilities for the escape of fugitive slaves, and the frequency of those escapes, admonishes the slaveholders to the adoption of one or the other of these alternatives. These causes will probably continue to operate with accelerating force, unless, indeed, the European war shall seriously impair the value of cotton. In the latter case, the temptation to send slaves to the Southern market will be removed, but at the same time they will cease to be worth keeping—a circumstance equally fatal to the perpetuity of the system.

Nothing but party drill prevents an outbreak of Free Soilism in Maryland. Both of the old parties have the elements of the new order of things within their ranks; and circumstances have conspired to keep them balanced against each other. The chief element in the American party is the native-born working classes. These, coöperating with the foreign-born population, which is permitted to hew wood and draw water for the sham Democracy, would constitute an irresistible party of freedom. Their interests are identical and equally opposed to slavery; but demagogues have managed to get up a seemingly implacable feud between these legitimate elements of a true people's party, and thus played one against the other, by adroit managers, who are, for the most part, slaveholders, their weight upon society is neutralized, and slavery continues to rule everything. In St. Louis an analogous state of things has existed, but freedom of discussion is gradually enlightening "the bone and sinew" of each of the old parties, and bringing them together in a compact host of freemen.

It would be comparatively easy to bring about a similar state of things in Baltimore and in Maryland. The people are ready. They want a leader, a man of capacity, courage and constancy. We were assured by one of the most distinguished speakers in the late Slaveholders' Convention, that any man of talent and character who would raise the standard of emancipation would find the people flocking to it by thousands.

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

From The Claremont (N. H.) Advocate.

In the House of Representatives on Thursday last, Mr. Smith, of Manchester, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred quite a number of petitions praying for a law that no person claimed as a slave in this State shall be delivered up to any claimant, reported a bill in accordance with the prayer of the petitioners. The bill (says the reporter for the *Daily Statesman*) consists of three short sections. The first section declares that no person in this State shall be considered or treated as property. The second provides that whoever shall arrest, imprison or carry out of the State, any person on the ground that he or she owes service or labor as a slave, or shall attempt the same, or aid and abet in such attempt, shall for the first offence be imprisoned not exceeding five years, and for the second offence shall be imprisoned for life. The third section provides that the act shall go into effect immediately.

The bill was ordered to a second reading by the handsome vote of 134 to 101—but it seems there was an awful caving in when it came up on its final passage on Friday afternoon. A despatch to the Boston papers informs us that it was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 277 to 17! We confess that we were not wholly unprepared for such an exhibition of spinal weakness—but we never dreamed of finding the malady so general among the members. What in the world is the matter? If the first proposition in the bill is correct, then surely there is not too much stringency in the penalty. If it is true that our laws recognize the great principle that "no person in this State shall be considered or treated as property," then certainly to "arrest, imprison, or carry out of the State any person on the ground that he or she owes service *as a slave*" (or property) is kidnapping, and nothing else. There is nothing said in the bill that would interfere with our Federal obligation to "give up" those *servants* that may stroll into our State from their taskmasters. The penalty was only designed for voluntary kidnappers, and if its extreme had been brought to bear upon the *first* instead of the second offence, we should have voted for it all the more cheerfully. The vote certainly brings to the surface more *dough* than we expected to find among the Republican members of the House, and hence we are very much inclined to endorse the following paragraph from the Winnipisaukee *Gazette*:

"We are afraid that the Republican party as represented in the present Legislature lacks pluck. They seem afraid of locofoco clamor, and tremble in their boots lest they should do something that will make talk for their opponents. The miasmal influence of old fogies seems to enshroud our friends at Concord. We hold that what is for the good of the Republican party is for the good of the State. Acting upon this principle, we say to our Republican friends, go ahead, and act for the best good of the party, which is the best good of the State, regardless alike of sham Democratic clamor, and the hysterics of the few old women in breeches in the Republican ranks."

Since writing the above, we have received the Concord papers containing the debate upon the bill in the House on Friday. It was opened by Mr. Speaker Bryant on a motion to indefinitely postpone. He believed the bill to be unwise, impolitic and unconstitutional. Mr. Shirley, of Andover, followed him. He said "a petition came before the Committee on the Judiciary for this law. Three persons appeared before the Committee—the well-known Parker Pillsbury of this city, Dr. Hawks, and Mr. Foss of Manchester. They admitted that the bill was unconstitutional. They wished the higher law to prevail, as they called it. The Democratic members of that Committee and the chairman also were all opposed to the bill, and other members also seriously questioned the bill. He hoped the citizens of New Hampshire were not sufficiently steeped in fanaticism to so perjure themselves as to pass this bill. This bill went before Massachusetts—that most fanatical State—and was repudiated. He called the bill downright treason and the blackest perjury." Is it not a little singular that a bill thus "downright treasonable" should be laid before the House by the Judiciary Committee—a bill acknowledged even by the petitioners to be unconstitutional?

If what Shirley says is true, it strikes us that the "perjury" commenced in the committee-room! The debate was continued as follows:

"Mr. Cragin, of Lebanon, said that if the arguments which were used against this bill had been such as he could have endorsed he could not now have reason to oppose it. If the argument had been that it was too near the close of the session to consider such a law, or that there was no need of such a law in New Hampshire, he would have cordially voted for an indefinite postponement. But when reasons were advocated which he might seem to endorse when he could not, he could not be silent. He repudiated and denied the argument that the decisions of the Supreme Court were binding on all. He held the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional. He took occasion to say it boldly and without fear. He claimed that the Republican party, as a party, considered that law unconstitutional. He would no more be bound by the decision of that Court than by the opinion of an equal number of men equally well qualified to judge. He might be bound in his action but not in his opinion. Some had seemed in haste to announce their opposition to this measure, and sentiments had been advanced so utterly repugnant to his sentiments of humanity and brotherly love that he could not consistently vote for its indefinite postponement without utterly repudiating some of these reasons. He denied that the Supreme Court was the sole judge of constitutional questions. He thought Congress had as much right to determine the constitutionality of its own acts as the Supreme Court, and so thought Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. He could not vote for the bill in its present form, but he believed some legislation might be had on this question which would be proper, legal and constitutional." He acknowledged allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. He acknowledged that he was bound by the laws of the United States; but he claimed some rights for the States as well as for the Federal Government. He looked with alarm upon the encroachments of the central power of this government. He looked with alarm upon the tendency to steal power from the many and deposit it with the few. He believed that the States had the right to protect their own citizens against any law that might be enacted to deprive them of their rights.

"When the motion was made he was in favor of it. He should now vote for it, but could not vote for it with the impression that had been created, that he in any way coincided with the idea that we have no right to question the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States or a law of the Federal Government. He repeated that he denied the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. He placed no more importance upon the decisions of the Supreme Court than upon the opinion of an equal number of persons equally well qualified to judge of a matter of this kind. He hoped the motion would have passed without debate, and should himself vote for the motion.

"Mr. Bryant, of Concord, said he was glad he did not differ from the gentleman in regard to the impolicy of authorizing such a law as this. He would only say in reply to the gentleman, that he did not understand that any position had been taken denying the right we have to question the correctness of the decision of any court or tribunal in the land. But when the gentleman went further and said he placed no more reliance on the decisions of the Supreme Court than on the opinion of any equal number of men of equal knowledge, if he means that he will acknowledge no more validity to be attached to these decisions than to the opinion of an equal number of men, then he differed from him to toto, in the beginning, in the middle and in the end. He did not endorse any such doctrine here or elsewhere. He never did and he never should. On the contrary, he denied utterly that Jefferson or Jackson ever endorsed any such doctrine. He knew that Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson believed that both Houses of the Legislature and the President had power to decide on the constitutionality of a measure. But while they took this high conservative position they never took the ground that the decisions of the Supreme Court were not binding upon the States and upon the individuals thereof. When nullification reared her hydra head in South Carolina, Andrew Jackson took the high conservative ground that the decision of the Supreme Court and the acts of Congress were binding on States and State Legislatures and on the people of the States. If this was not the true doctrine whither were we going? If there was no tribunal which could bind the individuals of a government, we were at drift upon a sea which had no bounds. While the Fugitive Slave law was unrepealed and was sanctioned by the Supreme Court, it bound the individuals of the States, though it did not bind the President or Congress. He wished to repudiate the contrary doctrine as fully as possible.

"Smith, of Manchester, was inclined to think the bill unconstitutional, and hence should vote against it. Several other gentlemen addressed the House in opposition to its passage, when—

"Mr. Wadleigh, of Milford, said he was not satisfied with this bill, but he could not agree with all that had been said, even by Republicans. He believed, as Webster had said, that the Fugitive Slave law was an encroachment upon State rights reserved by the Constitution. He understood that slaveholders had some right to claim their slaves when they escaped, however, under certain limitations. But he believed the Fugitive Slave law the most atrocious enactment that ever disfigured or disgraced the statute books of any country. He did not believe there was an individual in the House, Republican or Democrat, who did not believe the same. No matter what its authority was, he did not believe that any one would aid in its enforcement. He claimed with Jefferson and Jackson, that the Supreme Court had no power to bind him in his opinion on political questions. He would go for the bill did he not believe it unconstitutional. He conceived that the Constitution placed upon the States the duty of delivering up fugitive slaves. Consequently no person could do anything under the law proposed. But he did not consider himself bound by the decisions of the Supreme Court. He would appeal to his Democratic friends if they did? If they did they would be compelled to renounce their platform and renounce the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. He claimed the right to exercise his own judgment as to the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of any law. He believed the proposed law unconstitutional, and so moved to lay it on the table.

"The motion did not prevail.

"Mr. Cragin, of Lebanon, said he was not present at the famous hearing before the committee. If he had been he might now vote differently. He should vote against the bill as he believed it unconstitutional. His object in rising was to repudiate the idea that it was treason for the Legislature or for individuals to question a law of Congress or decision of the Supreme Court.

"The yeas and nays were demanded, which resulted in yeas 277; and nays 17. So the bill was indefinitely postponed."

Thus ended a "tremendous splurge" about the unfortunate Personal Liberty bill! all which looks to us very much like an amazing silly proceeding—altogether unworthy of intelligent men, professing to cherish well-defined sentiments upon a great national question. If the bill was so palpably unconstitutional as represented to be by even the members who were on the Committee that reported it, why was not the "moral monster" smothered before it reached the House? Were they intellectually incapacitated to submit a fair, manly, *constitutional* report upon the important question involved, or is it true, as intimated by Smith, of Manchester, that they had no time to do it? The Judiciary Committee could have disposed of the matter in one or two resolutions that would have satisfied the petitioners as well as the people, and thus have avoided the sneers that will now be pointed at their feeble, wishy washy attempt to shirk responsibility. The whole proceeding is unworthy of the high-toned, outspoken position the Republican party has ever maintained in relation to the continued encroachments of the Slave Power, and if the effect will not be to shake the confidence of the people in its integrity, we shall be very much mistaken.

By the way, if some friend at Concord will send us the Yeas and Nays as they stand upon the final vote, he will do us a favor. We want to publish them—especially the names of the *seventeen* "good men and true" who voted for the bill.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The hideous holiday is over at last. The cannon are silent. The squibs have sputtered and fizzed and gone out, and so have the Orations. The fireworks have blazed their moment. The lists of the killed and maimed in its service are coming in daily from all parts of the country. The police officers and the police courts draw breath after the double harvest of drunkenness and crime which springs up under the forcing heat of this fierce excitement. The Union has been well saved, of course, before multitudes of municipal and rural assemblages, and the drooping modesty of the Yankee mind has been lifted up and reënforced by assurances of how much it surpasses any other segment of human nature. The nation has been told by politician and by priest, in speech and in prayer, how much better it is than any other on the face of the earth, how glorious in privileges, how resplendent in intelligence, how splendid in virtue. There is but one thing needful to preserve this superiority over the rest of mankind, and that is to preserve the Glorious Union, through a virtuous resignation to the wrongs of the slaves at the South and a cheerful readiness to help catch and carry them back if they should escape from their masters and ours.

This is not precisely the sort of Festival which the old Signers anticipated would be held eighty-three years after they made their Declaration. They did not suppose, at least those from the North did not, that they were achieving a revolution which was to put down the Sceptre and set up the Slave-whip, as the emblem of our sovereignty. But this has naturally flowed from the loose ends they left when they, or their coadjutors, came together to knit up the "ravelled sleave" of the old colonial institutions into a golden band of polity which should clasp together many independent states into one empire. The gold has become dim and the band of union is a rope of sand for good, while it is a cincture of iron for tyranny. It is not much to brag of that we have exchanged a government which protects its subjects, in whatever part of its dominions they please to go, whose administration of justice is as near absolute perfection as the condition of humanity permits, and whose course has been ever onward, for one which cannot defend from outrage or death, in one-half its domain, its citizens suspected of believing the Creed of the Fourth of July, Seventy-Six. One of which all the public policy and all the judicial action, that is at all important or historical, is devoted to making the Constitution and laws of the country the citadel and defence of the vilest slavery on which the sun ever shone. One which has already virtually, and will soon do it in the face of day, opened the middle passage and rehabilitated the slave trade in all its horrors. One which has done its best to make the shadow go backward on the dial of civilization.

In point of fact we have nothing to boast of, nothing to show that we are worthy to build the sepulchres of the prophets of the Revolution. We have nothing to show but growth and wealth—the one of which we could not help and the other we have sold our souls to get. And in both particulars we have cheated ourselves by the very eagerness we have shown to swell our numbers and our money-bags, for we should have counted millions more in men and in dollars had our fathers fairly faced the devil that tempted them to temporize and to compromise, and refused to enter into any union except with States of which all the inhabitants were free. There would have been a struggle between the good and the evil principles; but the devil, well resisted, would have fled away and left us a land in which it were indeed a boast to live. Having let slip the golden moment when it would have been easy, in the comparison, to solve or cut this knot, it has grown more and more entangled and has bound itself tighter and more tight about all our interests and grows more and more complicate and intrinsicate from year to year. We are told on every returning Anniversary that our Revolutionary sires have left us a legacy of Freedom, which it is our duty to preserve and enlarge. But our vaporing orators forget to tell us of the correspondent legacy of slavery which they attached to the other and goes well nigh to make it nothing worth. In fact, they left the Revolution only half fought and bequeathed the Battle of Freedom—that battle which "though baffled oft is ever won"—to their sons to finish.

Indeed, the only persons in the country who can keep the National Holiday fitly, and with self-respect, are the Abolitionists. They are engaged upon the unfinished problem and doing their best to make it out. They have been called into existence, or into action, by the state of things which the Revolution bequeathed to the country, as the men of the Revolution were summoned to their task by the imperative necessities of their times. We make all due allowances for the unfortunate conditions of their lives which hindered them from seeing the remoter issues of the mischief they suffered to become intertwined with their institutions. As far as the free States alone are concerned, their work was well done. They emancipated them from the tutelage of a mother-country and taught them to rely on their own energies and their own resources for their development, growth and self-defence. The rights of persons and of property were as well secured within them, as far as any State interference was concerned, as human wisdom well could do. Freedom of Speech and of the Press, the right of unquestioned opinion, religious and secular, were all vindicated and settled. Between those States there are no enmities, and no rivalries that are not wholesome and beneficial. No quarrel is possible, politically speaking, between them, any more than between Yorkshire and Devonshire in England. But the fatal intrusion of slavery is the accursed thing that leavens the whole mass of our privileges with the poisonous leaven of tyranny. It makes the general government an omnipotent tyranny, which repeals the Habeas Corpus, abolishes trial by jury, sets up tribunals unknown to our ancestral laws, makes hospitality a crime and punishes humanity with fine and imprisonment. And it makes the slave States the natural and necessary enemies of the free. Perpetual war virtually exists between them. And the only reason why it is not open as well as virtual, is, that the free States consent to submit to the indignities due to the vanquished, without resistance, for some imaginary advantage from the slave States or some imaginary danger from the General Government.

Let us give all due honor to the Revolutionary Fathers for the independence of the British crown that they won for us. They bought this freedom at a great price and they verily thought that their sons would be born free by virtue of it. But we cannot and should not forget that they have saddled us with the more insidious, and therefore more dangerous, tyranny of the government at Washington. They set up the splendid prize of the Presidency to dazzle the eyes and pervert the hearts of all who look upon it, so that all spirit and courage departs from out them. The fear of losing the chance of exercising that all but absolute power, in person or by the proxy of friend or partisan, robs every party of its self-respect and its respect for its own rights whenever it thinks it has a possibility of success. This makes the triumph of the worser part sure, from their greater unscrupulousness and insolence. For this we have to thank the Fathers as well as for Independence—for a government whose vices can only be cured by its destruction, and from whose encroachments there is no remedy but in Nullification. In this, however, there is a way of escape. It is yet possible to defend our own State hearthstones from the pollution of slaveholding aggression by our own laws, with the right hands of the people behind them. Every State can make itself a sanctuary for the oppressed slave, and can visit every invasion of its inherent sovereign rights with condign punishment, whether the culprit be a slave-hunter in person, or his attorney, or Marshal, or Commissioner, or Judge. Two States have done this—one by the judicial action of the Courts, sustained by the people, and the other by due legislative provision. Wisconsin and Vermont are places whither honest men may flee for a season, when they would feel the rapture of being beyond the gripe of the Slave Power.

Against these assertions of State Rights the General Government is powerless. Massachusetts came near putting herself right before the world last winter, and probably would had she not a Presidential candidate to nurse. It seemed not unpopular in this State, and it came within sight even in Maine and New Hampshire. In Ohio, her State Rights might have been maintained by judicial acts, setting free the captives of liberty within her borders, had not the Republican party, following the lead of a peddling huckster in politics, who hopes to carry his principles to a Presidential market, prevented it for fear of damaging his trade! A trade sure to be bankrupt! Thank God for that! This is the work the Abolitionists have now to do—to bring about such a change in public sentiment that the free States shall declare their Independence of slavery within their own jurisdictions. We hope to live to see the time when a Northern State shall take a Federal Judge from the Bench and set him to honest work in her Penitentiary, defying the United States to take him out! Then the Revolution which we have to accomplish will be half done. It is well, therefore, that the Abolitionists should claim the Fourth of July as their peculiar holiday, for they are doing what they can to redeem it from the base uses to which it has come, and to give back to it the pure fame of which slavery and slavocracy have robbed it.

EDUCATION IN JAMAICA.

In *The* (London) *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for June we find an extract of a letter from the Superintendent of a school of 300 colored children in the parish of Clarendon, the centre of the Island of Jamaica, where he has resided three years. The writer says he has mingled freely with all classes of persons, has looked at all sides of the question of emancipation, and kept perfectly quiet till he could speak by authority; and this is his testimony:

"I would not on any account seek to conceal or extenuate the faults and failings of the emancipated people, and no man could reprove them more sharply than I have done; but at the same time I am ready to commend what appears entitled to commendation. I have at the present time in connection with this station upwards of 300 children receiving daily instruction under five competent teachers, and I am not receiving a farthing for the support of my schools, either from government, or from the London Missionary Society, with which Society I have the honor of standing connected. I was engaged in conducting public schools in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland for upwards of twelve years of my life, and obtained the last school I taught by competition with 300 candidates; and therefore must know what teaching is, and what progress scholars should make at school, and must be qualified to give an opinion on the ability and attainments of the children now under my care; and I state it as my candid conviction, that the scholars of the * * * * school, numbering 130, would contrast favorably with those of the same age in any school throughout Great Britain. I have proved, within the last three years, that the negro children can learn every branch of education quite as speedily and accurately as the English children, and that the emancipated people can appreciate proper education for their children, and pay for it too, as regularly and cheerfully as the English, or even the Scotch people do. There is nothing like proving a thing. I have proved it. There was a large school in the neighborhood when I came, where the children were all taught gratuitously, under the immediate patronage of the Rev. Rector of Clarendon; now the scholars of that school have nearly all left it, and are attending mine, where a regular fee, equal to what I used to charge in Scotland, is exacted. The Church and congregation, numbering only about 400, have unanimously resolved to pay my entire salary as their pastor too, and to be altogether self-sustaining—a sufficient proof, surely, that they value religious as well as secular instruction."

THE OBERLIN RESCUERS—those of them who had not been convicted—have been set at liberty without any concession on their part; the Government consenting to their discharge upon condition that a *nolle prosequi* should be entered in the case of the slave-catchers, on trial for kidnapping in Loraine County.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street, on the 28th of May, Samuel Gurney, the well-known Quaker banker, in the chair. The report of its proceedings, in the Lndon *Morning Star* of May 30th, has been on our table some time, but we have not been able till now, so numerous have been the claims upon our space, to give it any attention. The Report of the Committee, presented by L. A. Chamerovzow, the Secretary, gave an account, under several distinct heads, of the operations of the Society, during the past year. The efforts to check the slave trade are first recounted, and in this part of the Report we find a distinct acknowledgment of "the utter futility of all efforts to suppress the slave trade, so long as the institution of slavery itself in any country exists." We wish this truth might be so deeply impressed upon the managers of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as to bring them into hearty sympathy and coöperation with the Abolitionists of this country in their struggle to abolish slavery. For many years past, that Society has been chiefly absorbed in labors which, however useful and important in a certain sense, must still be regarded as only incidental to the highest function of such an association. The question of American slavery, in its radical aspects, it has almost entirely ignored, while its sympathies have been offered not to those who deal with the question in an uncompromising spirit, but to the class in whose minds anti-slavery is always subordinated to certain sectarian, ecclesiastical or party objects. The following extract from the Report affords us, however, not a little gratification:

"The committee could not record any change of policy in the American Churches, nor in those associations which, like the American Tract Society, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, directly uphold slavery. Nor is it likely they will alter their course so long as the most prominent members of them—such as the Rev. Dr. Pomroy, one of the secretaries of the latter body—and the ministers connected with them, are received in this country and permitted to take a part in the proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and kindred associations. Deeply is it to be regretted that countenance is given to their course in America by the deference they meet with amongst us. If British Abolitionists hope to influence public opinion in America on this important question, it must be by resolutely setting their faces against pro-slavery American divines of whatever rank, and thus awakening their conscience to a sense of their inconsistency in advocating in the same breath the Holy Gospel, which preaches freedom to all mankind, and a system like slavery, which violates every Christian principle and every natural right. In this connection, and as presenting a striking exception to the general rule, the committee would record the noble stand which the Rev. Dr. Cheever, pastor of the Church of Puritans in New York, is making against the pro-slavery religion of the majority of the American Churches, by fearlessly denouncing slavery from his pulpit, as a sin against which the united voices of Christian ministers ought to be raised. His remarkable work, entitled 'God against Slavery,' has elicited a mark of approval from the Queen of England; but more precious to the resolute servant of Christ will be an expression of sympathy from the friends of the cause in this country. In 1850 he denounced the infamous Fugitive Slave bill, in words which fell upon his congregation—then one of the most fashionable in New York—like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky; and since that he has constantly preached against the sin of the nation. Remonstrances from the wealthy members of his congregation produced no effect upon him, and at length they have combined to drive him from his church. His courage, however, sustained by a consciousness of right, appears to rise with the emergency, and though at present sorely tried, he stands firm, trusting in the faith which cometh of belief to come triumphantly out of the ordeal. Such men as these are the apostles of truth and the martyrs of principle, and deserve to be strengthened by the approval of all true Abolitionists."

We cannot help saying, that if the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society had coöperated with the American Anti-Slavery Society since 1840, in efforts to unmask the pro-slavery ministers from the United States, who, under an anti-slavery profession, deceive and mislead the people of Great Britain, it might now witness a state of things in that country very different from that which excites its present lamentations.

Mr. F. J. Rochussen, of Surinam, moved and Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P. (son of the late Thomas Fowell Buxton), seconded a proposition to adopt and circulate the Report. Mr. Buxton took occasion to explain the grounds upon which he had favored the immigration of laborers to the West Indies. Of the present condition of the islands he said:

"Some allusion had been made to the state of the West Indies, and in this respect he considered that the friends of emancipation had great cause for triumph (cheers). It was no doubt true that those islands had gone through great trial and suffering. In 1847 and following years they went through and suffered great calamities, but those prevailed, not because of the emancipation of the slaves, but because of the destruction of the monopoly in slave-grown sugar, and because slavery and monopoly having become so entangled, had engendered a state of society so rotten and unsound that a relapse was some time or other inevitable (cheers). That time had now, however, passed away, and the statistics of the Board of Trade, which could by no means be taken as favoring emancipation, the reports of the governors of those colonies, as well as the reports of private individuals, all testified that emancipation was at last producing its proper fruits, and that these islands were fast rising into a state of great wealth and prosperity (loud cheers). He considered that they should bring that fact forward as much as they could, and he believed so far as the Society was concerned, that it was doing a great and important work in the world, and he considered that they had great cause for rejoicing at the result and success of the efforts made by them and their fathers in striking the fetters from the captives and letting the oppressed go free."

Mr. Buxton is understood to "be the writer of the article in the April number of the *Edingburgh Review* upon the past and present condition of the West Indies; and, as he has given the subject careful attention, his testimony is important.

The Rev. W. B. Ingram, of British Guiana, was also one of the speakers. His testimony as to the results of Emancipation in that Colony was very satisfactory. He said:

"There was a large party at the present day, who were fond of bringing accusations against the friends of emancipation. They said that emancipation had ruined the trade of the West Indies, but he stood there to testify to the contrary (cheers). The West Indian colonies were never so prosperous as they were at the present time (cheers). Just take the case of British Guiana, and compare the state of the population there twenty-five years ago, with what it was now. Previous to freedom, the colored population could hold no property, but during the twenty-one years since freedom, they had acquired property and held conveyances of it from the British Government to the extent of a million sterling (loud cheers). Nine tenths of the black population were now freeholders of the country. Every man lived in his own house, and their being freeholders was the reason why many of them devoted their time between the cultivation of the sugar and coffee estates and that of their own land. Before freedom they did not know the use of clothing, while now they were as well dressed as those he saw before him (hear, hear). Before freedom not one of them knew a letter of the alphabet, but now every adult could read for himself the wonderful Book of God, while the children were receiving as good an education as were the children of the working classes in this country (hear, hear). The London Missionary Society had fourteen large stations there, while there were also Church of England, Wesleyan, Church of Scotland, and other missionaries, who were all striving to preach the gospel to the adults and to educate the young. Before freedom they did not know the rights and privileges of citizens, but now they knew and cherished those privileges and rights as well as do the working classes of this country, the only difference being that they are taxed somewhat higher for the enjoyment of them than was the working class of this country (hear, hear). When the cholera was in Barbadoes they assembled and raised a fund for the benefit of the sufferers, and during the Crimean war they raised £200 for the Patriotic Fund (cheers), and these instances he thought showed that they were worthy of the freedom which had been conferred upon them. The exports of British Guiana are larger now than ever they were in the palmy days of slavery. At that time the sugar exported amounted to from eighteen to nineteen thousand hogsheads, while last year the sugar exported amounted to 53 000 hogsheads, having considerably more than doubled since the passing of the Emancipation Act. At the same time the prosperity of their colonies was then placed on a proper basis. During slavery their prosperity depended upon one single system of credit, which was like a house of sand, touch it and it went down. Now, however, matters were different—close to British Guiana was Dutch Guiana where slavery still prevailed. There was only a river between them, and over that river the poor slaves could look and see a free people in the enjoyment of every blessing and comfort. Parties of these Dutch slaves often came across and were received and provided for by their free brethren. As showing an excellent trait in the character of the black population, he might state, that in the days of slavery the red men of the forest, the Aborigines, were wont to hunt the fugitives, and deliver them up to the lash, but instead of retaliating upon them now that they are free, some five or six years ago they assembled and took the necessary means of sending a missionary to those red men to teach them the gospel of Christ. A large number of young men are also being trained up for the preaching of the Gospel, and others as select teachers, so that the moral influence of British Guiana would, no doubt, be felt in Dutch Guiana and other colonies (cheers)."

The Rev. John Clark, of Jamaica, having offered a resolution in opposition to the immigration scheme, said:

"At that late hour of the meeting he would not detain them, although it would be an easy matter, had time permitted, to show that emancipation, so far from injuring the planters in Jamaica, had really and truly averted the ruin of that island. For years previous to freedom, there had been a diminution in the exports of sugar from that island, and had it continued to have diminished in the same ratio up to the present year, there would not have been ten hogsheads exported, and in the course of three or four more years none at all, whereas they were now exporting 53,000 hogsheads per annum, and that with the prospect of a yearly increase."

The Rev. Mr. Lapori, of Swatow, in China, detailed some of the iniquities of the present system of slavery carried on in China under the delusive title of Chinese immigration.

"The portion of China in which he labored was the principal slave dépôt in that country. It had been his lot to go on board the slave ships, and never would he forget the painful and harrowing sight which he then witnessed. One he went on board of was a Dutch ship. Some of the poor creatures on board knew him professionally, and crawled along the deck for the purpose of obtaining medical relief. He saw that life was ebbing fast, and he requested the chief officer that they might be taken below to die. The officer seemed shocked at what he saw around him. He said it was nothing but slavery, and he wished it was put an end to. He told him that on the Saturday previous, about 100 of these poor creatures had come on board, and that out of that number eleven or twelve had since died. He went between decks, where the space was limited, being very low, while around lay the dead and the dying, and the stench was dreadful. They went on board another ship, an American, where the poor creatures were packed and stowed away just as they would stow away a number of bales of cotton. But it was not only American and Dutch ships that were engaged in this nefarious traffic; English ships were also engaged in it (hear, hear). Yes, English merchant ships were chartered by their own citizens, and took part in this diabolical trade, and to carry away from their homes and their country these unfortunate classes. As to this there could be no mistake, as he had seen the vessels. Let the Chinese emigrate if they pleased, and wherever they did emigrate they proved themselves to be a useful class, but he must condemn this system of it, which was neither more nor less than slavery in its worst form in disguise (hear). There were in China such places as opium dens, and attached to them gambling places, and it was no uncommon thing for these kidnappers to frequent those places, and advance money to parties to play with at the gambling table until they got so far into debt that they could not refund, when they were taken away to the junk or barracoon and there detained until they were sent away into slavery. The Chinese Government were most decidedly opposed to this system, but they were afraid to raise their voice against it; and it was only, therefore, by the force of public opinion that it could be put down."

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, as you are well aware, has for a long series of years been accustomed to hold special meetings on the Fourth of July, at some central and convenient place, and, whenever the weather allows, in the open air. As the Fourth of July is proverbially a good day, so far as weather is concerned, these meetings are almost sure to be in one of "God's first temples." And, of late years, the fine Grove at Framingham has been used for this purpose. It is certainly admirably adapted to it. It stands near the centre of the beautiful town of F., upon a branch of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, about midway between the cities of Boston and Worcester, and surrounded by a dense population, amidst which the good leaven of genuine, honest, Garrisonian abolitionism is widely diffused. It stands too on the borders of a large and beautiful lake. Within the Grove is a natural amphitheatre, wherein seats and a convenient speakers' stand have been erected. In that sheltered spot such words have been spoken, for many a past Fourth of July, and were again spoken yesterday, as might suffice to bring this dead nation out of the grave of its hypocrisies, its sins, and its shame, and raise it to a new life, which, if not glorious, should at least be decent, and free from all just reproach of conspiracy with the vilest and meanest thieves who dwell anywhere on the face of the earth.

I was present, Mr. Editor, at yesterday's meeting, and purpose to give you a little account of it. Having often been present at the like meetings before, I think I can truly say that the Society never held a better, rarely one so instinct with life and purpose. The morning was decidedly cool—more so than was to have been expected, or desired for comfort; yet very far preferable to the extreme heat which often happens on the Fourth. All, however, seem to have confidently counted on its growing warmer, and so it did, yet preserving an air and character of Northern coolness throughout. The Railroad trains brought large companies and set them down at the Grove, from Boston on the east, Worcester on the west, Marlboro' on the north, and Milford on the south, with the intermediate towns. Great numbers came in their own conveyances. At 11 o'clock, the audience hall, with its green arching roof, being entirely filled, the President of the Society, Francis Jackson, whose very face and voice bring cheer and new resolve to the heart, called the meeting to order, and, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, offered a list of Officers. Thomas W. Higginson, of Worcester, was chosen to preside. From a printed sheet of five original hymns, the first was sung by the large congregation to the tune of Old Hundred. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Bird, an English gentleman, I think, who has for many years been resident as a missionary in Hayti.

I shall not undertake to give the least sketch of the numerous, and the truly eloquent addresses which were made. I will tell you who spoke, and you must try to imagine how good the speeches were. Your readers will in due time, I presume, read them for themselves, in full; for I saw the most accomplished phonographic reporter in New England—not to say, as I perhaps might, in the United States—"takin' notes," and I risk little in saying that you, as a faithful anti-slavery editor, will be sure to "prent them" at a very early day.

Mr. Higginson made the opening speech, on taking the chair. It was full of sound counsel, advising the utmost fidelity to principle, the boldest arraignment of the men who mislead and betray this nation, and holding out encouragement of the sure results which must attend such fidelity. His address was continually enlivened by humorous touches and anecdotes, and was received, as was indeed his entire discharge of the duties of the presiding officer of the meeting, with unanimous favor.

The Rev. Mr. Bird, of Hayti, next followed. In a speech of considerable length, he gave an historical sketch of the Haytien nation and people, since their independence. He dwelt upon the successive administration of their affairs, under Christophe, Boyer, Soulouque, &c., and pronounced a warm encomium on Gen. Geffrard, the present President. He repelled the idea that Hayti was incapable of self-government. He declared that the Haytians had ever made the general education of the people a leading object of their policy, their primary demand of their government, and had rendered support to the government, or withheld it, just as the government had or had not, been faithful to the pledges on this subject upon which they came into

"You will never be found fraternizing with hypocrites." We ought not to be thus found, surely; and were we true to our recorded testimonies, it would seem that we could not thus be found. But, alas! what are the facts? Some of us think that we have seen a tendency on the part of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* to give aid and comfort if not full fraternization to these false professors, and the "leadership" has, for a number of years, at our meetings, violently opposed the application of our ancient testimonies to them as we find them organized into the Republican party, or standing like Beecher and Cheever in the American Church. And, under the influence of the leadership, most of those testimonies have been laid on the table, to give place to weaker and milder rebukes, or, as was the case towards the Republican party at the last meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the last New England Convention, to *none at all*. And yet we fully believe that the large majority of our Society stands right on this question, and only allow these testimonies to fail by default, because they "defer to the" influence "of the proved (?) leaders."

Oftimes these leaders have made, at our meetings, in reply to criticisms of these men in false positions, elaborate arguments in justification and defence of them, until at the last New England Convention, we were astonished by the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society summing up a defence of the Republican party, with the assertion that "the only hope for the country and the slave was in the Republican party"!!

Well, if this assertion was correct, we ought all of us to hasten out of our organization and join "the only hope for the slave," at once. But, doubting its correctness, some of us propose to stick to the old watchword of "No union with slaveholders," and, believing that the large part of our rank and file stand with us, and would so express themselves, if left to their own convictions uncontrolled by the influence of leaders, and hoping that that influence will yet be used in the right direction and the testimony of the Society kept at least up to the old standards, there are a few protestants that do not propose to accept H. M.'s kind advice to withdraw, but intend to remain and criticise the defective and faltering, in hope of the correction of the evil. But if it shall appear at last, from which Heaven forefend us, that our organization and leaders shall utterly fail in their testimonies, then probably some may withdraw, in order to maintain their personal integrity, if indeed some have not already done so, feeling personally crowded out.

Withdraw? What for, H. M.? To give quiet and peace to the organization? Alas! does she think that our "Board" has so far gone to seed, or become fossilized, that criticism and discussion will endanger its health?

Withdraw? If any one is to be advised thus, let it be those who think that our only hope is in the Republican party. Let them go over to *full* fraternization and union with the slaveholding Republican party, and so prove their full distrust in the doctrine of "No union with slaveholders." J. A. H.

IMPORTANT CHURCH ACTION.

Humanity revitaliging a dead Orthodoxy—The slave's black hand knocking at the heart of Christianity—Wholesome Anti-Slavery Resolutions by an Orthodox Church—Alarm of Old Fogies—Triumph of Young America—The silent Democracy vs. the speaking Aristocracy of Congregationalism—Three thousand clergymen excommunicated—A spontaneous combustion and eruption in the Church—Malum in se nonsense of the Pulpit exploded by the common sense of the Pews—Ministers when last seen on the way to the mourners' bench.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ORTHODOXY in Massachusetts is redeeming itself from the stigma of a bigoted devotion to creeds and a loose adherence to "the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." A movement has fairly begun in the Congregational Churches, that will not be likely to end till the pro-slavery spots on their dishonored escutcheon are thoroughly wiped out. After three weeks' discussion by the Salem Street Congregational Church of Worcester (numbering by the Year Book 214 members), the following resolutions, presented by Homer B. Sprague, Esq., Principal of the Worcester High School, were unanimously adopted on the 23d ult.:

Whereas, American slavery is the "sum of all villanies"; therefore,

Resolved, That we renounce all Church association, connection and fellowship with slaveholders, and with all who in any manner knowingly and persistently uphold or countenance slavery.

Resolved, That all laws for the support of slavery are iniquitous, and therefore not morally binding.

Resolved, That our prayers and sympathies are with those Christians now imprisoned at Cleveland, Ohio, for their noble conduct in rescuing a fugitive slave from the man stealers; and that we honor them for their fidelity to God and man.

Resolved, That so long as Jesus Christ, in the person of the slave, is forced to perform unpaid labor upon Southern plantations—is sold upon the auction-block to the highest bidder—is scourged for righteousness' sake—is pursued with chains, pistols and bloodhounds, in escaping to a free country—so long it is the duty of his professed followers to raise their voice, and yield all their influence to destroy the abomination; and the individual or the Church that intentionally fails to do this must be treated by us as none of His.

Certain cautious conservatives, who took no part in the discussion (which was, I learn, very ably sustained on the anti-slavery side by the honored mover and others), have announced that this anti-slavery agitation must go no further, and shall not be carried out in action. But I understand it is in contemplation to send a copy of those resolutions in a circular letter from the Worcester Church to all the Churches in New England, inviting them to take equally explicit and comprehensive action.

It was meet that such a movement, strong, decided and uncompromising, should begin in the heart of the Commonwealth, where the Church Anti-Slavery Society was lately inaugurated; for this is but a carrying out of its entire Declaration of Principles as to the essentially sinful and anti-Christian character of slaveholding, and the proper treatment of slaveholders, and a hearty adoption, "with a will," by this Church in particular, of the 7th item in that Declaration, viz.:

The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery to be accepted as the providential mission and duty of the American clergy and the American Churches of this generation.

This important movement (which the Worcester *Transcript* like the Norwich *Courier*, in a disparaging article quite in keeping with its previous flings at the Church Anti-Slavery Society, claims "to excommunicate three thousand clergymen of New England, beginning with their own pastor") springs spontaneously from the bosom of the Church, without any pressure, *ab extra*, other than that made by the rising and rolling tide of anti-slavery feeling among the people, created jointly by the rampant aggressions of slavery and the steadily reiterated utterances of truth by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Church at length begins to feel its power. I am informed by an observer at Worcester, that the movers and carriers of these resolutions are mainly young men, and that it was refreshing "to hear their clear and bold argumentation of the strongest anti-slavery sentiment and action, and to see how nobly they stood every test, and met every point, utterly refusing any compromise or toning down, affirming their desire and determination to know the right and then to do it, regardless of consequences."

Springing, as it does, out of what has been called here in Connecticut the hitherto silent democracy of the Church, this movement will justify what there has been often occasion to assert, that the Churches of New England are more thoroughly and honestly anti-slavery than the ministry. The silent democracy (i. e., the Christian brotherhood) far ahead of the speaking aristocracy of the Church (i. e., their clerical leaders) in their appreciation of the rights of man and their devotion to true liberty. While the latter, especially in Connecticut, are sagely contending that slavery is not *malum-in-se*—no iniquity that were sin—and are self-complacently satisfying conscience with a *very* brave attitude in respect to the moral evils and moral duties that grow out of its existence, the silent democracy has at length found its tongue, and I doubt not the clarion notes it has sounded, with the unmistakable ring of liberty in every syllable, will be echoed and reëchoed throughout all New England from Quoddy Head to Rouse's Point.

And were it not that the ministry (as we learned last week from a story in one of the Historical Addresses before the Connecticut General Association), were it not that the ministry have no knack at confessing, we should see them thronging the *mourners' bench*, and weeping between the porch and the altar for their shameful infidelity to the principles they have professed, in playing Priest and Levite so long towards their sable brethren in the South American den of thieves. KIWA.

Connecticut, July 1st, 1859.

THE [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for June has failed to reach us. We are indebted to *The Liberator* for the extract in another column, to which we invite particular attention. This is the first time, we believe, that a number of that valuable journal has ever missed us.

Our European Correspondent.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...No. VIII.

AMBLESIDE, June 20, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: All the civilized world seems to be engrossed at the same time by two topics—the war in Italy, and English politics as bearing upon the prospects of that war. From your newspapers we learn that the excitement is as strong in your great cities as in Europe; and it would, therefore, be simple affectation to speak of American affairs before adverting to the prospects of Europe. I suppose you are rather surprised at the rapid success of the Piedmontese and French, and the poor resistance offered by the military force of Austria. The weakness of the Austrians is unaccountable, and almost incredible to themselves, world-wide and time-honored as is their repute as a military nation; but it is less amazing to those who remember that they have been for some time out of practice; that they could not put down the Hungarians without the aid of Russia; and that there was little prospect of good generalship. We are told to expect to hear of a great battle on the Mincio, this week or next, but nobody believes the strife will be settled outside the great fortresses in eastern Lombardy; and the best hope of a settlement just now is by means of the intervention of the neutral Powers during a siege of those fortresses. The hope is a feeble one. On the one hand, Austria is as stubborn as ever, and not likely to surrender her Italian possessions for so simple a reason as that she cannot keep them; and on the other hand, the French hint that they are going to take the Austrians in the rear, from the Adriatic, and to expel them from Italy in a few weeks. A few weeks will show. Meantime the speculations of the world are engaged on the conduct and manners of the Emperor of the French. A good deal of astonishment is expressed at the frank moderation of his language to the Italians in the hour of victory. His admirers glory in it; mere superficial readers are amazed at it; and the rest of the world—the overwhelming majority—distrust it. Many who cannot see how he can escape from his present voluntary pledges, yet cannot believe in them; but the greater number see various probable means of escape—to say nothing of the evidence which is before the world of the absolute worthlessness of pledges from his mouth or pen. He can give none stronger than many that he has broken. On the whole, perhaps, the most rational account that can be offered before the fact is this: that if the present war is made at this time to ransom his life from his executioners, he may really intend to stop and go home when that purpose is effected, and cultivate the arts of peace which France most needs; but that, on the other hand, nothing can be easier than for him to establish French rule in Italy, without any ostensible breach of his pledges. He has only to give or countenance liberal institutions—by which he means universal suffrage—in Italy, and then the invariable consequence will ensue—the election of Bonapartes, and their submissive response to "the voice of the people." There are queer ballot-boxes and elections elsewhere than in Kansas; and perhaps they may turn up in Italy. If such construction of the Emperor's course turns out injurious and harsh towards him, the blame will not rest on those who entertain it, but with himself. He has forfeited all right to be believed or trusted. In Europe, however, we do not speak out so plainly in public. We have to consider the Italians, and to allow them every chance from their ally being left free, and even strengthened to do right.

As for the Italians, their prospects do not improve in proportion to the success of their arms. Their valor is splendid—sanctified as it is by their patriotism, and graced by the submission to discipline and entire devotedness which accompany the highest valor. But the jealousies and discontents which are probably inevitable in their situation, are becoming aggravated every day. I need not dwell upon them. If the King of Sardinia refuses to accept a new State, as in the Tuscan case, there is the utmost danger of anarchy, such as a Bonaparte has just rebuked and suspended at Florence; and if the King accepts new States, as in the case of Lombardy, Parma, &c., alarm is taken at his ambition, and the Italians say they are not freeing themselves to give overwhelming power to one master. Add to all this the sensitiveness of the Italians to the vanity and assumption of the French, and it will be plain that all is not done when the Austrians are driven out of Italy. Two things seem more probable than a speedy peace and settlement: a civil strife in Italy, and the extension of the war beyond its present area. The false alarm spread by *The Times* of a secret treaty between France and Russia, against England, has been fully exposed and dispersed. The special agreement made with Russia was offered first to the English government and declined; and it was with the cognizance of our government that it was in consequence offered to Russia. The probability of a general war does not lie in that direction; and the small German States have lowered their bullying tone; but the adversity of Austria is a strong incitement to Hungary to rise; and not to Hungary only; and every enemy of Austria will be sustained by the countenance of the Czar.

Such are the circumstances and prospects under which the liberal leaders of England have again come into power. The occasion is very serious; and the change of ministry has been conducted with a proportionate gravity. The disappearance of Lord Clarendon from official life will have been remarked wherever any interest in the occasion has been felt. The reason is that the English people do not consider their international relations safe in his hands. His Austrian tendencies are strong; and he is more fit to belong to the late than the present ministry. How Lord John Russell will fulfil the national will, in regard to European politics, no one can venture to say; but, in regard to American, we have some encouragement in the remembrances of his correspondence with Mr. Everett about the Monroe doctrine, during the short time that he was Foreign Secretary. We certainly hoped and intended never again to entrust the Premiership to Lord Palmerston; but events have rendered this measure the lesser of two evils; and we must trust that his mortifications have sobered him, and that the great ability of his present Cabinet will act as a check upon his self-will and his levity. He appears to be duly impressed at present with the gravity of this closing period of his political life. We must hope that his coadjutors are so too; for it must require all the solemnity of their mission to make so diversified a set of men work well together. Almost every one of them is very able; but to organize their capacities into a working government would have seemed impossible under any other conditions than the actual ones. The Liberal party in England has been nearly broken up by divisions; and the peace of the continent and the progress of the world depends on the Liberal party in England. Such is, or seems to be, the situation. A strong and self-denying effort has been made to reconstitute the Liberal party, and establish its policy; and now its leaders in office, and the public outside, must be personally devoted and mutually forbearing, in order to circumscribe the war, and ensure fair play to the struggling liberalism of all Europe.

In giving the case in this detail, I have not been unmindful of your country. On the contrary, it is for the sake of our common aims that I have said so much. We want to know what you are going to do about the reöpening of the slave trade in your Southern States. I cannot but repeat this question till some practical answer is given. You are well aware that we are bound to watch over the African people, and to put down the slave trade; and you will not suppose that we shall hold back our hands from that duty now that the nation which was the first to proscribe the slave trade by law is resuming it. We do not feel certain what measures our late Foreign Secretary would take on any particular occasion; and certainly his conduct about our cruisers in the Gulf, and about the *Charles et Georges*, was not very encouraging to the anti-slavery public of England; but Lord John Russell is another kind of man and statesman. If he remains in office, you will be sure to hear that he is calling your country to account for every importation of negroes, and demanding a complete fulfilment of your obligations on the African coast. He will not mince matters, either in correspondence (witness his letters to Everett) or in his statements to Parliament. What are you doing in the case? Do you mean to quarrel with England on behalf of the slave trade? I see how absurd the question looks as addressed to the Editor of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; but you and your journal represent also American citizenship and republican principles; and it is on that ground that England is justified in asking you what your country means to do about the reöpening of the slave trade. The perplexing question is asked here every day—why the free States, with their superiority of numbers, wealth and intelligence, do not settle the whole business of slavery at once. *We* know that negro slavery can be safely and even profitably abolished. We see that your free States could carry any point they choose in Congress. We want to know why they do not either abolish slavery, or sever their connection with those who maintain it. Now that the Southern States are so far violating international treaties as to practice the slave trade, the whole nation will have to answer for the breach of faith, or to repair it without the loss of a moment's time. Why has the North allowed us time to ask the question? I need not tell you that I am aware of the scope of this question, and of any possible reply to it. I am simply telling you what my countrymen are asking, and yours will have to reply to.

At such a moment, we read with infinite regret, some parts of the report of the late New England Convention. I hinted before our concern at the manifestations of a fretful, narrow spirit, and inexperience of men and affairs in a small number of your devoted members. Since that date, we have seen in your journals some very painful details. I refer, of course, to Mr. Pillsbury's resolution. The injustice of stringing upon one thread all sorts of persons and societies with whom he did not agree for an equality of scathing censure, is bad enough; and it is worse to extend that censure again to brethren in the cause who do not agree in the expediency of the censure; but when we consider what the position of your Society now is—how your business now is to lead on your country and nation to the greatest deed that the history of any nation can show—secure now of an ample following, in proportion as you press on with faith, vigor, and devotedness to the object—it is truly mortifying to see your time and energy wasted on the cavils of a few members whose idea of duty is criticizing other parties, and censuring those who ought to be left to save their own souls. To us it seems that there is a wide difference between your relation to the Church and to any political or social party. The Church assumes to be in the closest possible relation to all the moral and spiritual interests of men, individually and collectively. If the Church betrays its trust, as the American Church has in the question of slavery, every man has a right to impeach that Church; and it is his duty to do so. But the Republican party has no such universal claim and relation. Nobody need have any share or concern in it and its doings. Let every man say, if he likes, what he thinks of it and its probable issue; but it is far beneath a National Anti-Slavery Society to spend its time and testimony on the doings of the party. The Republican party is in the rear of your Society. You ought not to stop for it, nor turn back to chide and bicker with it. Beckon it on, and see if it is competent to follow. Thus it appears to us; and we certainly hope that the small clique who have wasted your time and force and your great occasion, will rather withdraw and work in their own way, than throw obstacles in your way again. Your way seems clear to new triumphs. Will you not assume your privileges, and forget the things that are behind? If I repeat this, it is because we feel it too strongly for easy expression. Yours, H. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

"Thomas Paine's Second Appearance in the United States" is the title of the opening paper in this number of the *Atlantic*, and we are glad to observe that it is marked by a candor quite unusual where the name and writings of Mr. Paine are the subject of remark. In proportion as we love Christianity and feel our spirit to be in harmony with its divine principles, is our sense of justice wounded by the unsparing vituperation, reproach and scorn which are habitually poured out by the popular religious press when the name of Thomas Paine is referred to. His scepticism, and, above all, the scoffing spirit in which he sometimes spoke, is revolting alike to our principles and our taste; but we cannot forget that much of his denunciation of the Church was evidently inspired by an honest hatred of its manifold corruptions and an equally honest desire to deliver mankind from the dominion of superstition and priestcraft. That he failed to discriminate between Christianity itself and the crimes perpetrated in its name was indeed a grievous fault, but it can afford no justification for the reckless injustice which has been heaped upon his memory; and we are glad to see that the *Atlantic* has had the courage to treat him fairly. "The Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe, deepens in interest as it proceeds and makes us confident that the author is sure in this to surpass all her former works. "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" discourses upon several topics with that keen perception and discrimination which enable him always to get at the core of whatever comes under his observation. The following lines, written, we understand, by a young lady of Providence who has not before appeared in the *Atlantic*, evince a genius worthy of its pages.

AFTER THE BALL.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,—

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS. 1859. Pp. 72.

We have in this pamphlet the proceedings of a religious Society founded not upon a creed, but in the sentiment of Universal Brotherhood, and seeking not agreement in speculative opinions, but union of spirit and combination of effort in works of practical righteousness. This Society has maintained a harmonious and efficient life upon this basis for a period of seven years, and the experiences of its members, it would seem, have tended to confirm the convictions in which it originated. The new movement has attracted the attention and won the sympathy of many of the friends of progress and reform not only in this country but in England, by whom the annual report of its proceedings has been eagerly welcomed. Last year it was made peculiarly attractive by the sermons delivered before the Society by Theodore Parker. The present report, though lacking this salient feature, contains much valuable matter. We have first the Minutes of the Yearly Meeting; next the Exposition of Sentiments, which, though not new, is yet important to those not perfectly informed as to the principles and objects of the Society; then follow the Testimonies upon Slavery, Caste, Sectarianism, Marriage, Spiritualism, Education, Physical Education, Temperance, Tobacco, Treatment of Criminals and War; next a Report upon the Relations of Capital and Labor; then an essay upon "The Fall of Man," or the Origin of Evil, by Angelina Weld; and finally some exceedingly interesting and valuable letters, among which we mention those from Rev. A. D. Mayo of Albany, Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, Mass., L. Maria Child, and Rev. Moncure D. Conway of Cincinnati, which show the deep interest felt by them in the movement of the Progressive Friends. A letter from Daniel Ricketson of New Bedford, expresses a strong desire for the speedy organization of a Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends in New England. He thinks a large body of inquiring minds in that part of the country are now ready to enter into such an association.

This report will be sent, post paid, to any one who will enclose 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman st., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCXIV. July, 1859.

We have in this number of the *Examiner* seven articles, as follows:

Asiatic Civilization.
Lord Cornwallis in America.
The Religion of the Present.
The Modern French Pulpit.
The Doctrine of Endless Punishment.
The Lord's Dealings with George Müller.
Review of Current Literature.

These topics, it is needless to say, are handled with scholarly vigor and a spirit of liberality by no means common in religious discussion. The *Examiner* stands on a sort of middle-ground between a rigid and fixed conservatism on the one hand and an iconoclastic radicalism on the other; but the larger portion of its articles are such as reward the attention of religious persons of every school, while its tone is such as to conciliate even those who most earnestly dissent from its doctrines. The editors are Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale. Boston: 21 Broomfield street.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. July, 1859. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Editor.

We give the contents of this number as follows:

Latin Lexicography.
St. Peter the Rock.
Samuel Lewis.
A Half Century of Unitarianism.
The Early Camp-Meeting Song Writers.
The Rich Man and Lazarus.
Parkerism.
Excursus on the Seventh Commandment.
Religious Intelligence.
Synopsis of the Quarterlies.
Quarterly Book-Table.

We are disappointed in not finding in this number an article on West India Emancipation, which the Rev. Henry Bleby, of Barbadoes, is understood to have prepared, at the editor's request, some time since. Mr. Bleby's testimony would be timely now, just before the day on which we celebrate the abolition of slavery in the West Indies.

PERSONAL.

The venerable Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, is in a critical and dangerous state of health.

Miss Eilen F. Watkins is lecturing in Indiana, on Slavery, often to large and enthusiastic audiences.

John G. Whittier has been chosen orator for the next anniversary of the Essex (Mass.) Agricultural Society.

It is said that the Hon. Chas. Sumner is betrothed to Mrs. Thayer, *née* Granger, widow of the late John E. Thayer, a millionaire of Boston.

The remains of the late Dr. Bailey arrived in Washington on the morning of the 4th, and the funeral services took place at Trinity Church on the following day.

Rufus Choate, who sailed for Europe last week, was obliged by increasing illness to leave the steamer at Halifax.

The Norristown (Pa.) *Republican* states that the Rev. Samuel Aaron, who has been at the head of a school in that place for many years, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist Church at Mount Holly, N. J.

Our readers will be pained to learn that Mr. Garrison, though present at the Framingham celebration on Monday, was not able to address the meeting. He needs and should have at once a period of rest from editorial labor, with change of scenery and air.

Mrs. Everett, wife of Edward Everett and daughter of the late Peter C. Brooks, died at Cambridge on Saturday last. Two sisters survive her—the wives of Rev. Dr. Frothingham, of Boston, now in Europe, and of Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams and Representative to Congress from Massachusetts.

H. J. Raymond, writing recently from Paris to *The Times*, says:

"Senator Sumner is here, at his old quarters in the Rue de la Paix. He has just returned from Italy, and left Turin only a few days before the outbreak of the war. He seems in good health, though he is still troubled with weakness and other legacies of his calamity."

A letter to the Boston *Traveller* says that Theodore Parker, who met Mr. Sumner in Paris, "speaks of him as marvellously improved in health, seeming, indeed, like a well man."

We are glad to see evidence that the former Corresponding Editor of this paper is not without honor in his own country; the Norfolk County (Mass.) Agricultural Society having—probably on account of his well-known skill in the management of *dough*—made him Chairman of its Committee on Bread. Two men and five women are his associates in this important service. The "confounded woman question" has invaded even the Agricultural Societies of the Old Bay State! We do not learn that the clerical members protested against the appointment of women upon the Committees with men, or threatened to secede if such a radical measure were adopted. Well, it is pleasant to see the world imitating the good example set by the Abolitionists twenty years ago.

John Bigelow writing from Paris to the *Evening Post*, gives us the latest information of Theodore Parker that has yet come to hand. He says:

"Theodore Parker, with his family, arrived here on Sunday, not materially benefited by his trip to the West Indies. His lungs have been examined by Louis, the great authority here on diseases of the chest, and their condition is found to correspond substantially with the diagnosis made by his physicians in Boston. One lung is pretty much destroyed. He goes to Neufchatel, in Switzerland, where he will be the guest of Desor, a Swiss naturalist, who may be remembered as companion of Agassiz when he first came to the United States. He was then poor. Since, by the decease of his brother, he has come into the possession of a handsome fortune, and now lives as much *en prince* as a savant can in the mountains of republican Switzerland. He has promised to geologize, botanize, or philosophize with his sick friend, as he may desire, and Mr. Parker's friends here anticipate for him great things from the trip, in which I pray that they may not be disappointed."

After the above was in type came the following extract of a letter to the Boston *Traveller*, from Lake Leman, Switzerland, June 17, which gives a much more hopeful report of Mr. Parker's condition:

"The Rev. Theodore Parker and family are to be here next week. He has consulted Baron Louis, in Paris, who makes a most encouraging report, after a thorough examination of the patient. He pronounces one lung entirely sound, and the other but slightly diseased, and sees no reason why Mr. P. should not, with proper care, be restored to perfect health. This news, which I have from headquarters, will give joy to many hearts."

Summary.

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This Court has no power to hang you."

Over a bridge in the town of Athens, Ga., is posted the following notice:

"Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white person, be fined five dollars; if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, *half the penalty to be bestowed upon the informer!*"

The most ridiculous of the New York *Herald's* political canards is the assertion that combinations are forming at the South to nominate Ex-President Pierce for the Presidency. The South never uses such poor tools but once.—*Springfield Republican.*

Hush! don't discourage them.—*Providence Journal.*

The ex-Minister to Spain, Mr. Dodge, has published a card, in which he says that while the prospect of acquiring Cuba by purchase under present circumstances is inauspicious, he has never even intimated that the proposition in any way involved the honor of Spain; that the purchase might not at a future period be effected. He believes that the course recommended by the President will lead to the consummation of that object by an honorable negotiation.

Rev. A. B. Fuller lately preached a sermon on Capital Punishment, in the New North Church, Boston, an abstract of which is published in the *Traveller*. He denounced the death code as a relic of barbarism, and made several forcible allusions to the case of Cyrus W. Pluner, the mutineer of the Junior, now under sentence of death. The sermon was very eloquent, and interested the congregation deeply.

THE DIFFERENCE.—

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them,"
Said Charley, one morning to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them—
For bother my wig if I know!"
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At one you go into the water;
At the other, it goes into you!"

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN ORANGE COUNTY.—The Goshen (N. Y.) *Independent* says: "A branch of the Underground Railroad has been established in this County. The facts, as it is informed upon good authority, are these: A negro made his appearance in Chester one day last week, and represented that he was a runaway slave, eight days out from the State of Delaware; that he came across the country to Jersey City, where he was arrested, but succeeded in making his escape, and that he came from there across the country to Chester. Some individuals took him into their custody, and, after examining him and secreting him until dark, they raised some money, bought him a ticket to Elmira, and, giving him a letter to the Rev. Mr. Beecher, of that city, they put him aboard of the New York and Erie cars bound westward." [We have little doubt that the people of Chester were imposed upon in this case. The story of the black man does not seem credible to those here who understand such matters.—*Ed. Standard.*]

A WORKING MAN'S ADDRESS.—Yesterday morning, as the train on the Oswego Road was a few miles south of Fulton, the driver discovered an object on the track as he was going around a curve, but too late to stop the train. The cars passed by, and the engineer saw the object was a man, who rolled down the embankment as though he was dead. The train was stopped, and the man jumping up, said: "You had better keep your d—d cars off from me." A brief examination showed that the man was intoxicated, and that his hat had been severed in two by the wheels of the train, but miraculously, no injury whatever had been done to the sleeping inebriate.—*Syracuse Standard, June 24.*

QUAKER SARCASM.—Thomas Coles—more familiarly known, from his great amiability and good nature, as *Tommy Coles*—was a consistent member of the Society of Friends. At the delightful village of Glen Cove, Long Island, where he resided, the Episcopal congregation had just erected in their church a very sweet toned organ, which was the admiration not only of the members but of many others who were attracted to the service by the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, the rector. On some particular occasion our venerable friend, Tommy Coles, took a seat among the congregation, and his opinion of the organ was gathered from the following conversation a few days afterward:

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church."

"But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church?"

"So I am," replied Friend Tommy; but then, if thee worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument!"

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.—The San José *Tribune* (California) tells this anecdote of a recent occurrence over that way:

Rev. Moses Clampit, an eccentric preacher, was holding forth in Santa Clara Valley; a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and then saying respectfully, "Well, *I believe I would*," went on.

This has point, but we think another, forwarded to us lately by a friend from Minnesota, rather caps it. A minister, noted for combining the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher and money lender, was offering a prayer, in which was the following petition: "Grant that we may have more interest in heaven!"

"Don't do it!" exclaimed one of the congregation, "don't do it! The old sinner gets five per cent a month now; and that's enough, the Lord knows!"

The New York Tribune, National Era, and Peninsular News and Advertiser, by some process of law known only on the eastern shore of Maryland, were made to appear before the Grand Jury of Dorchester County, at its last session, to answer to the not sufficiently to-be-abhorred crime of opposition to the "peculiar institution." Like the Baltimore Convention the grand jury had evidently concluded *to do something*; but after examining numerous witnesses and ascertaining the fact that many intelligent, respectable citizens of the Eastern Shore subscribed, paid for, and read Republican papers, they wisely concluded *not to do it*. The freesoilers laughed and prepared a rich account of the whole transaction for publication, but suppressed it in order to shield their imprudent neighbors from further contempt and ridicule.—*Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser.*

A DRESS REFORM CONVENTION was recently held at Auburn. It is said to have been largely attended and very interesting. Mrs. Charlotte Joy, formerly of Nantucket, read an able address in defence of the Bloomer costume. The Convention laid down the following platform:

First. Our purpose is to perform a duty to ourselves and society, and not to attract public attention by eccentric display.

Second. We believe that all the ills that female flesh is heir to arise from the prevalent modes and habits of female dress, and we therefore go in for short and loose dresses in order to obtain bodily freedom and physical development.

Third. The recent awakening of public interest in our movement increases our faith in its importance.

Fourth. We believe that woman's rights women proper "are only tantalizing us with visions of the impossible," so long as the present fashions hold the sceptre of supremacy.

Fifth. Woman's subjection to fashion is the evidence of her dependence and inferior position.

Sixth. Bondage to fashion is incompatible with religion.

RELICS OF THE KANSAS WAR.—Mr. Farren, of New Haven, who went to Kansas in 1856, and has done good service there in the great moral as well as physical struggle whereby Kansas has been rescued from the grasp of the slave-dealers, has now with him in Hartford some interesting relics of the great contests with the Border Ruffians, which he is desirous of placing in the custody of the Connecticut Historical Society, provided a sum anything like their value can be raised in this city, as partial remuneration for his sacrifices and the direct outlay for the purchase of the relics. A chain with which the Free State Men were bound; a cannon-ball fired into the Free State Hotel at Lawrence at the time it was destroyed by the Border Ruffians; type on which *The Herald of Freedom* had been printed, picked up in the streets of Lawrence by Mr. Farren, after that establishment had been gutted by the mob; a piece of the broken Free State press; a flag taken from the Border Ruffians by the Free State men, and daguerreotypes of General Lane, Capt. John Brown, Capt. Walker, Major Abbott, Capt. Shombie, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Titus, and various other prominent friends of freedom in Kansas, are among the curiosities. Mr. Farren will call upon some of our citizens to-day, and tell his own story. The reception given him in New Haven warrants the expectation that our citizens will do the thing that is liberal and proper. It is well to remember that the ball cast from the type on which *The Herald of Freedom* had been printed was sent back to the Border Ruffians with powder.—*Hartford Courant, June 24.*

FRENCH LADIES WORKING FOR THE WOUNDED.—A new element has been added during the week to the amusements of the intimate *reunions* to which our brilliant Parisian society has been suddenly reduced. The Empress has organized a species of Dorcas Association, for making lint for the wounded, and it is *du meilleur ton* to appear at these small receptions with a little work basket on your arm and a bundle of linen rag in your hand. Her Majesty has herself set the example, and, during the evenings at St. Cloud, it becomes a subject of emulation with the ladies to outdo each other in the supplies of lint and linen bands they are able to send to the service *des infirmiries* of the Ministry of War. Those who have produced the greatest quantity are to be rewarded with a golden bee, forming an ornament for the hair or bosom, and adapted according to an idea expressed by her Majesty herself, either for full dress or *demi-toilette*, so that the memento of the good work upon which the fortunate winner was engaged during the time of war and peril may never have to be abandoned. It is quite extraordinary, by the by, what a power of labor resides in the frail fingers and snowy hands of the delicate ladies who surround the throne; for, every evening, people behold with surprise the thick *balots* which enter the blue drawingroom, to be threaded before midnight, under the pressure of the competition for the coveted prize offered by the Empress.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SURVIVED THE SHIP FEVER.—A few days since, one of the Metropolitan cars was stopped for the purpose of taking up an elderly lady and a sickly-looking little girl. In the car were ten females, five on a side, and the cars will carry nine. Every inch of room seemed occupied; for the occupants of the car were fashionably dressed, and their skirts expanded like peacock's tails. No one offered the old lady a seat, or made room for her, or seemed to care whether she was tired or rested. For a moment the old lady scanned the faces of those before her, and then she smiled grimly at the want of courtesy which characterizes females of the present age.

"I say, you," the old lady exclaimed, nudging the knee of the nearest female, and pointing to the little girl.

"Did you speak to me?" demanded the astonished female, on her dignity immediately.

"Why, yes; I want to know if you would believe this little girl had jist come out of the ship fever hospital at Deer Island."

Ten hands, delicately gloved, were raised towards the bell-strap, and ten voices were shrilly raised for the car to stop, and in less than one minute the old lady and the little girl had the car to themselves.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "I forgot to tell 'em that there warn't any patients there sick with the fever. However, I'll let 'em know the next time we meet. Take a seat, dear, and make yourself at home."

The conductor was somewhat astonished on that trip.

THE BEECHERS.—Between them, the Beechers keep their Orthodox brethren in a constant state of anxiety and alarm. Their theology seems as uncertain and loose as their Christianity is firm and undoubted, and to reconcile the one with the other puzzles those who insist on reducing Christian faith and practice to as exact a statement as a mathematical proposition, or a lawyer's bill of exceptions. The only way to treat the Beechers is to let them believe what they please—for they are certainly dogged enough to do that, though never very happy nor clear in stating it—and be content with their well-doing. The *Puritan Recorder* undertakes to explain Rev. Charles Beecher's exact agreement with and departure from Orthodoxy. It says he and his brother Edward believe that Adam was a sinner, like the rest of us, when he came into the world; "their philosophy going back to a pre-existent state of human souls, which was a state of great depravity and sin." It thinks, very cautiously, that he is no less orthodox now than he was when settled over his present charge; and says: "We suppose Mr. Beecher to hold very strong orthodox views as to the degree or amount of moral depravity with which every one is born into the world, and that he differs from orthodox men generally on this point, only in the manner of accounting for this depravity."—*Springfield Republican.*

A COURT ANECDOTE.—Among our recent representatives abroad was a gentleman hailing from the far West. On his way to the scene of his diplomatic labor he had occasion to visit Paris.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

BLACK AND WHITE.

BY J. A DORGAN.

I STAND beside his lifeless form,
I gaze into his vacant eyne,
His blood upon my hands is warm,
But no remorse is mine.

Why, what was he, that day by day
My toil his luxury should feed—
That he should dwell in bliss alway,
And I should groan and bleed?

Chide, if you will, the doom I dealt!
But wrong can make the coward brave;
And weary out, as he has felt,
The patience of the slave.

If might makes right, as he proclaimed
By word and deed through all his life,
Methinks my master had not blamed
The issue of our strife.

Fool, ask not how our quarrel rose!
A bitter word—a blow—a threat—
And all our lives we had been foes—
And passion will forget.

If thou hadst known a life like mine,
Thou wouldst not marvel at his fate,
But how corroded hearts confine
The secret of their hate.

Why, had *he* slain *me*, as he sware,
Justice had murmured, "It was well:"
I slew him, and it cries, "Prepare
"The fires of earth and hell."

I half rejoice that now "I *may*"
Has grown "I MUST be free"—remain,
And mine shall be, ere close of day,
The faggot and the chain.

Away! away! to do or die!
Through field and wood! through swamp and flood!
Strange, that I am a freeman by
The baptism of *his* blood!

*AN ENGLISHWOMAN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

THIS is but a slight narrative by a superficial observer, and yet it is an engrossing book. Will the events of succeeding centuries, we wonder, ever throw into the background this great crisis of modern history? will the thrill with which we listen to any and every fresh account of its marvels, ever grow weaker? At all events, the seventy years that have passed away since that awful "death-birth" of a nation, have done nothing towards effecting this. It still seems as if no amount of repetition could make this tale sound old in our ears. The most highly wrought novel would be tame in comparison with the plainest statement by *grisette* or countess, St. Antoine workman or St. Germain aristocrat, of what they saw or suffered, endured or inflicted, in those portentous days.

Mrs. Elliott's narrative, drawn up at the desire of George III., and now published for the first time, is all the more acceptable because she comments little on the causes of the "horrid French Revolution," as she invariably calls it. Evidently we should not get much insight from her in that way; but her personal experience is very welcome. Some anachronisms there may be, some confusion as to specific dates and names; but, on the whole, there is strong internal evidence of authenticity, and, as we before said, abundant interest in the journal of this fair and frail, light-minded, but kind-hearted woman†

Married when but a girl of fifteen to a man older than her own father, and in every way unsuited to her; gifted with a dangerous degree of beauty, and surrounded by admiration, the young wife's downward career began very early. When her journal opens, in 1789, we find she is living in Paris, vainly endeavoring to use her influence over the Duke of Orleans, to detach him from the revolutionary party, and reconcile him to the court. She represents him as weak rather than wicked; a mere tool in the hands of men of stronger purpose; drifting, like many of his betters, towards an abyss which he never foresaw. She speaks of him as naturally gentle, good-natured, generous; accounts for all his faults by his head having been turned by the "horrid Revolution," and appears to have mourned his degradation more deeply than his death.

To us, who look back from the catastrophe over the chain of events leading up to it, it seems wonderful that Mrs. Elliott should not have fled from Paris during the summer of 1792. Royalist as she was, she heard with horror and indignation of the incursion of sans culottism into the very Tuileries on the 20th of June; but still she lingered in the devoted city till the 10th of August. That morning, as she sat at her toilet, the cannonading broke in upon her, fearfully loud, for her house was near the palace. The terrible tidings soon reached her—St. Antoine and St. Marceau had risen, were pouring down upon the Tuileries—the royal family had fled for protection to the Assembly—the Swiss guards were falling fast at their post, resolved not to desert them, though they were themselves deserted. Mrs. Elliott would now have gladly moved to her house at Meudon, but the barriers were shut; no one must leave Paris that day! In the evening, her maid reminded her of a certain faithful ex-porter of hers, now occupying a small house and garden behind the Invalides, close to which, he has been heard to say, there is a breach in the wall, made by smugglers, and to be scrambled over without much difficulty. Accordingly, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Elliott walks to the cottage, gets safely over the wall, crosses the plains of Vaugirard in the dark, fearing to look behind her, fancying footsteps followed, and reached her house at Meudon almost senseless, with bleeding feet, her shoes having been of white silk, and the road very stony.

There she remained, keeping as quiet as possible, till the dreadful 2d of September. That morning, a shabby-looking boy brought her a note from a friend, entreating her presence in Paris, where she might be of use to an unhappy person. Mrs. Elliott at once responded to the appeal. She procured a passport for herself and servant, got into a cabriolet calculated to hold two, and went off quite alone. Arrived at the Barrière Vaugirard, the soldiers expressed their surpise that she should wish to enter Paris at such a time, and told her of the massacres then going on at the prisons, and of streets running blood; still the brave woman persisted in going on, bent on saving, though she knew not whom. Arrived at her friend's house, she found, to her surprise, that the endangered person was the Marquis de Chansenets, late governor of the Tuileries.

What we poor human beings can endure and live! This unfortunate man, left in the palace when the royal family fled, on the 10th of August, only too well-known and unpopular by virtue of his office, escaped the rush of the mob by throwing himself out of a low window into the garden, which was already heaped with the bodies of the faithful Swiss. There he lay for hours among the dead and wounded, not daring to move. The weather was very hot, the bodies decomposed rapidly; but still the living lay quietly there! In the evening, one of the national guard, looking for some friend of his among the ghastly heap, found and recognized the Marquis de Chansenets, and lent him his coat, at the peril of his own life. Chansenets then made his escape by the Place du Carrousel; but exhausted by the sufferings of the day, he could go no further than the Rue de l'Echelle. A poor woman, supposing him to be a tired soldier, asked him in. To her he gave himself out as an Englishman, led by curiosity to the palace, and there ill-used by the mob. Before the woman could give him the crust and drop of brandy for which he asked, her husband, a furious Jacobin, returned from his day's work of murdering the Swiss soldiers. She had just time to hide Chansenets behind a press, to stop her husband at the door, send him off under some pretext, and then to silently push her dangerous visitor out into the street. The next place he crawled to was the English ambassador's. There he saw the secretary, who was kind to him, and lent him clothes; but there was no shelter for him there, every one being prohibited, on pain of death, from harboring any who had been with the king in the Tuileries. By this time it was late, and he knew not in the least in what direction to go. At length, he recollected having met an English lady at Mrs. Elliott's, and to her quiet lodgings in the Rue de l'Ancre he betook himself, passing through by-streets as much as possible. The porter at the lodge asked his name. "Monsieur Smith for Madame Meyler," was the reply, and then Chansenets mounted the four flights of stairs, and frightened poor Madame Meyler not a little, for she had heard that he had been killed. In spite of the proclamation, neither this good woman nor her maid could bear the idea of turning out to perish a human being who had trusted them. They contrived to make the porter believe that he was gone away, and bid him for that night. But each following day matters grew worse: the royal family were sent to the Temple—domiciliary visits began. The search was nominally for arms, but woe if any aristocrat be found in the house! Poor Madame Meyler and her maid had to wrap their protégé in a blanket, and to hide him in a sink, till the dreaded visits were paid. But on the morning of the 2d September, the proclamation spoke of a search more than ever severe, to be made at different hours of the night. It seemed impossible to shelter Chansenets any longer in the Rue de l'Ancre, and Madame Meyler wrote that appeal to Mrs. Elliott's kindness which had brought her into Paris, to the surprise, as we have seen, of the very soldiers at the barrier.

She had no particular friendship for the late governor of the Tuileries; possibly, indeed, she had a different feeling, for he had behaved with some apparent ingratitude to the Duke of Orleans; but his situation deeply affected her, and she at once resolved to do all in her power to save him. To get him out of Paris, seemed obviously the best plan; but it was still too early to venture out in an open cabriolet. As soon as it grew quite dark, they set out to the Barrier of Vaugirard, where Mrs. Elliott showed her passport, expecting to be at once allowed to pass; but no!—no egress that night. she was told, from any of the Paris barriers; and she was advised to go and get a bed as soon as possible, as at two o'clock the domiciliary visits were to begin, and no carriages would then be allowed in the streets. Where were they to go? the driver naturally asked, and poor Mrs. Elliott did not well know what to say, fearing to go to her own house, her cook being a Jacobin, and fearing by her hesitation to excite the suspicion of the guard, who were less polite than in the morning. She fixed upon the Barrière de l'Enfer, with a faint hope of being allowed to pass thence to Meudon; but no!—no hope there either. "Drive, then, to the Allée des Invalides," said she, with a thought of her friend the ex-porter. When they got out of the cabriolet, Mrs. Elliott saw with dismay Chansenets unable to stand, and supported by the driver. With great presence of mind, she flew into a pretended passion, and told the driver her servant was drunk. The man shrugged his sympathy, and drove off. The fugitives sat for two or three minutes at the foot of one of the trees, and the air reviving the unhappy Chansenets, he just contrived to stand. But where to go next? Turning up an avenue leading to her old servant's house, they saw troops at the further end, and patrols coming their way. Mrs. Elliott burst into tears, and her companion entreated her to give him up to the first patrol, thus saving her own life at least. The very idea of such a thing, however, nerved her generous heart afresh. Not with the scaffold full in view could she have abandoned him or any one in a similar plight: she would try another way. Turning round, they crossed the Pont Neuf, and reached the Champs Elysées in safety; but when there, were no better off. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and only soldiers still lingered in the streets. Mrs. Elliott was close to her own house, but the dread of her Jacobin cook prevented her entering it. Chansenets, fainting with fatigue, again entreated her to give him up. Again she refused. She had undertaken to save him; she would save him, or else they would die together.

Their next scheme was to reach the Duke of Orleans's house at Monceaux, and there hide in the garden. To do this, it was necessary to pass Mrs. Elliott's door. There sat the Jacobin cook! Fortunately, an unfinished building near afforded a temporary hiding-place for the miserable Chansenets, while his generous protectress went to her own house to see what could be done next.

Her servants were much alarmed at her appearance at so late an hour, but she devised a plausible story; and telling the dreaded cook that she was faint with hunger, and must positively have a roast fowl and salad, if it cost ten louis, she insisted that the woman should at once go out and buy it, hoping thus to get rid of her for awhile, and having full confidence in the other servants. The cook made many objections; but being threatened with dismissal on the morrow unless she complied, she was actually leaving the room, when M. de Chansenets, scared out of all presence of mind by the sight of patrols coming down the street, knocked at the gate, and entered the room. All screamed aloud with amazement, and Mrs. Elliott, pretending not to have seen him before, asked how he could think of coming to her house at such a time. He took the hint, devised a rather improbable story in reply, was flown at by the Jacobin cook as a "nasty aristocrat," and reproached for the danger to which he was exposing them all. However, despite her politics, and the reward offered for Chansenets, she showed no inclination to denounce him, and set off in quest of the roast fowl, while he remained behind, promising to go off directly. But still the dilemma seemed hopeless. To leave the house was impossible, for the domiciliary visits had begun; the cook was gone, indeed, but might return at any moment; and M. de Chansenets was in a fearful state of exhaustion. And now the brave Mrs. Elliott shall tell her own story.

"My porter thought M. de Chansenets might be hid between the mattresses of my bed, which were very large, and in an alcove. We accordingly pulled two of the mattresses out further than the others, and made a space next the wall, and put him in. When he was there, we found that the bed looked tumbled, and, of course, suspicious. I then decided upon getting into bed myself, which prevented any appearance of a person being hid. I had all my curtains festooned up, my chandeliers and candelabra lighted. My cook soon came home, and I made her sit by my bedside the rest of the night. She abused M. de Chansenets, said that he was sure to be guillotined, and hoped I had turned him out directly. My own attendant now came in. She was a good woman, and as faithful as possible; yet, as she had not been there when Chensenets was hid, I thought that it was better not to tell her anything about it till after the domiciliary visit had been made. I had some warm negus by my bedside, and when my maid and the cook went out to see what was going on, I could just get at Chansenets to give him a teaspoonful of it. Indeed, I was frightened to death, for I heard him breathe hard, and thought that he was dying, and I expected every minute that my cook would hear him. In short, I passed a most miserable night, surrounded by my servants, and almost in fits myself at the horrid visit I was going to receive. I trembled so much that I could hardly stop in bed, and the unfortunate man, who was the cause of my misery, I thought, perhaps, lay dead near me, for I could not hear him breathe at times.

"At a quarter before four o'clock, my cook hurried into my room, telling me that the municipal officers were coming in. No pen or words can give the smallest idea of my feelings at that moment. I felt that I was lost; but a very deep groan from my companion roused me in a moment; and God inspired me with more courage than I had ever felt in my life. Had the guards come into my room at that moment, I might have lost both myself and Chansenets; for I was determined to brave every danger, and to give myself up to them. Fortunately, they visited every part of my house before they came into my room, and pulled my maid's bed and all the servants' beds to pieces, running their bayonets into the mattresses and feather-beds, swearing that they would not leave the house till they had found Chansenets. My maid and my cook, not knowing that he was in the house were very bold, and feared nothing; but the men said that he was seen to go into the house, and not go out.

"This long search gave me time to cool. When the ruffians burst with violence and horrid imprecations into my room, I was perfectly calm, full of presence of mind, and indeed inspired with a courage equal to anything earthly. The candles were all a-light; day was breaking and my room looked more like a ball-room, than a scene of the horrors that were passing. They came all up to my bed, and asked me to get up. One of them, however, less hard than the others, said there was no occasion to take me out of bed, as I could not dress before so many men. They were above forty. I said directly that I would get up with pleasure, if they required me to do so, but that I had passed a very cruel night. I had expected them, I said, at an earlier hour, and then had hoped to pass the rest of the night in quiet. I added, that I was sure they must be much fatigued, and proposed wine or liqueurs, or cold pie to them.

"Some of the lead men were delighted with me, said nobody they had seen the whole night had been half so civil; that they were sorry they had not come sooner, in order that I might have a good night when they were gone. They would not now make me get up, but were obliged to go on with their visit, and must search everywhere in my bed and under my bed. They, however, only felt the top of my bed and at its feet, and then under the bed. They also undid all the sofa-cushions, both in my room and in my boudoir and drawing-room, looked in my bathing-room, and, in short, were an hour in and out of my room. I expected every moment that they would again search the bed, as some of them grumbled, and said that I should get up, and that they had information of Chansenets being in my house. I said that they knew my cook, and might ask her in what manner I had received him when he came, and that I made him leave the house directly. She assured them of the truth of this, and that she was certain that I would not have harbored so great a foe of the Duke of Orleans. They said we should have given him up to justice. I replied, though I disliked him, yet I did not like to denounce anybody. They declared that I was then a bad *citoyenne*, and wished to know where they could find him. I told him that he said he was going home. They replied that they did not believe he would do that; but that if he was in Paris, they would find him in twenty-four hours. They then came back to my bed, and one of them sat down on it.

"It may easily be supposed in what a state of alarm poor Chansenets was during this long visit. I had heard nothing of him, had not even heard him breathe. At length the monsters advised me to take some rest, and wished me good-night. They stayed some time longer in my house, during which I was afraid of moving. At last I heard the gates shut, and my servants came in and told me that they were all gone. I went into violent hysterics. When I recovered a little, I desired my cook and other servants to leave the room, and go to bed, saying that I would take something, and go to rest myself. I directed my maid to bolt my room-door, and then I disclosed to her what I had done, and who was in the bed. She screamed with dread when she heard it, and said that she never could have gone through the visit, had she known it.

"We now got our prisoner out of the bed with great difficulty, for when he heard the guards come into the room, he had tried to keep in his breath as much as possible, and having been so smothered, he was as wet as if he had been in a bath, and speechless. We laid him on the ground, opened the windows, and my maid made him drink a large glass of brandy. At last he came to himself, was full of gratitude to me, had been both frightened and surprised at my courage when the men were in the room, and the more so when I offered to get out of bed."

No wonder that, after this terrible tension of all her energies, Mrs. Elliott should herself feel very ill. A bed was made up in her boudoir for her unfortunate guest, and the faithful maid locked him in. The following day the Duke of Orleans paid a visit to Mrs. Elliott, who felt inclined to trust him with her secret, but would not take so important a step without consulting Chansenets, who well knew himself to be obnoxious to the duke. He, however, was strong in the conviction that he could clear himself of all charge of ingratitude, and thought that his best chance of deliverance would be to throw himself upon the duke's compassion. Accordingly, when the latter paid his visit on the morrow on the way to the Convention, Mrs. Elliott startled him by disclosing the truth. He heard it with dismay, as probably involving her safety, but was unable to devise any means of getting Chansenets removed. Mrs. Elliott, therefore, had to conceal him till the barriers were opened, when she took him to her house at Meudon, and finally, had the satisfaction of seeing him set off in a mail-cart, the driver of which had agreed with the duke to take Chansenets to Boulogne, from whence he got safely into England.

Mrs. Elliott's horror of the duke's conduct in voting for the death of his king and near relative was intense, nor did she shrink from openly expressing it to him. Her sufferings were extreme; and their last interview was a very painful one. He found himself unable to procure her a passport, and could but advise her not to talk of England at that time, but to bear her misfortunes like other people, and to keep very quiet. Soon afterwards, she was herself arrested; and after examinations and re-examinations, and a short space of liberty, she was sent to the prison of St. Pelagie in the May of 1793. She did not stay there long; but she cannot say exactly how long, the change of the name of the months having, she said, so perplexed her as to the date of events. At St. Pelagie she made the acquaintance of the wretched Dubarry, and describes her as a very good-natured creature, telling anecdotes of Louis XV. and his court by the hour together. It is well known that this in every way pitiable woman went to the scaffold in an agony of abject terror. Mrs. Elliott believes that this was not without good effect upon the public mind. The mob had been accustomed to a calm and lofty bearing on the part of the victims, but these wild shrieks and frantic, impotent struggles horrified and alarmed.

The next prison to which Mrs. Elliott was doomed was that of the Recollets at Versailles. Here her hardships were great indeed; but suffering seems to have brought out all the noble and tender feelings of her nature. Shut up with an old Dr. Gun, an English physician and a *philosophe*, she tended him as a daughter might have done, begging him, however, not to discuss his favorite themes with her, nor disturb the faith which made her strong, while he was overwhelmed with despair. He was released from confinement before her, but wept to leave her behind. It is painful to read of the privations to which she and her companion in misery were subjected: but it is a ray of light to find that when she was ill, the others were all kindness, would even deprive themselves of the little water they could spare her for use, and that common misfortune had made them all "sincere, nay, romantic friends, always ready to die for one another."

Mrs. Elliott's imprisonment was latterly shared with Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine, and Madame de Fontenai, afterwards Madame Tallien. All three were ordered for execution, and had undergone the preparatory cutting of their hair on the very day that Robespierre's fall ended the Terror. Mrs. Elliott returned to England for several years, but finally settled in France; at the restoration of the Bourbons, had the satisfaction of seeing the Marquis de Chansenets, whose life she had so bravely saved, reinstated as governor of the Tuileries; and died before the revolution of 1830.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott's *Recollections of the French Revolution*. Bentley. 1859.

† Grace Dalrymple, the daughter of Hugh Dalrymple, a relative of the house of Stair, was born in Scotland about 1760. Her father was a distinguished barrister, her mother a woman of remarkable beauty, but early deserted by her husband. Her daughter, Grace, was sent to a French convent for education.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

VIENNA, May 22, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: If my last letter caused you any uneasiness, because it informed you that we were in Venice, this will relieve you, being dated from Vienna, which is, you know, five or six hundred miles away from the seat of the war.

We reluctantly left Venice last Thursday morning, having staid there only three days. But it would not have been prudent to tarry longer. The French Admiral, the day before, sent word that, unless the Austrians should evacuate Venice in less than seventy hours, he would bombard the city. We saw no movements, on the part of these military occupants, that looked like a disposition to comply with this demand, and therefore we thought it expedient to leave without delay, lest the rush of people out of the city on the last day should so choke up the ways of egress that we might not then find it easy, if possible, to escape. On the morning that we left, we heard that the Austrian commander-in-chief had issued a proclamation, requiring the inhabitants to keep quietly about their accustomed occupations, unless they should hear twelve guns fired from the Fort of St. George. In that case, they were to retire to their houses, and trust with confidence to the defence their protectors—the Austrian troops—would undoubtedly be able to make.

Although our visit was thus cut short, we were diligent while in Venice, and therefore saw most of the objects of interest in it, at least once. Indeed, there are no objects there so interesting and curious as the city itself. Venice is built upon seventy-two small islands, the surfaces of which were just above the level of the sea. The Grand Canal, from 150 to 200 feet wide, divides the city into two unequal parts; and the other one hundred and forty-six canals, which are some fifty, others twenty and a few only ten feet in width, follow very nearly the channels that originally separated the islands.

None of the islands contain more than three or four acres of land, and some of them not half that quantity. Narrow streets or alleys are laid across these islands, wherever the convenience of the inhabitants required; and bridges (more than three hundred of them) are thrown across the smaller canals, from island to island, all of them highly arched, so as to allow the free passage of boats under them; and some of these little bridges are very graceful and picturesque. Most of the houses are built of stone, directly upon the sides of the canals, and form their only banks. These, rising three, four and five stories high, make the smaller canals very dark and always cool. The largest and finest buildings—public and private—stand, of course, upon the Grand Canal, which is the Broadway of Venice. In the palmy days of this decayed city, this great thoroughfare must have been exceedingly beautiful. Many of the palaces and other buildings that border it are still very attractive, although their closed windows and neglected appearance throw a deep shade of sadness over them.

One may go all over Venice on foot if he pleases; but the quickest and most agreeable way, especially for strangers, to go any considerable distance, is by a gondola. A gondola is about 25 or 30 feet long, 4 feet wide in the middle, and coming to an edge at each end. These edges are shod with steel. Both the prow and the stern curve so sharply as to sit quite out of the water. The piece of steel upon the prow is a sort of figurehead. Its shape I cannot describe, and its significance I am unable to divine. But it adds not a little to the grace and dignity of the boat. In the centre of the gondola are the seats for the passengers, provided with stuffed black morocco or cloth cushions, and covered, when it rains or is cold, with what children and sailors might call a cuddie house, it is so snug and cosy. The whole boat, cuddie house and cushions are all black, which at first gives to the gondola a disagreeable, funeral appearance. This color was long ago required by law, because of the foolish extravagance of owners in the painting and decorations of their gondolas. And it is now as distinctive a peculiarity of this Venetian boat as is its shape, or the steel upon its prow. The gondolier stands near the stern, and nothing can exceed the dexterity with which at the same time he propels and guides with one oar his long, narrow, light, graceful canoe.

All the wealthy, and some others, have their own gondolas, which, when not in use, are kept at their front doors, fastened to a painted post. But most of the people and visitors depend upon hack gondolas, which are to be found, as our hack coaches are, at certain convenient places in all parts of the city.

I assure you we avoided no occasion that offered itself, while we were in Venice, to call for a gondola and give ourselves up to the peculiar luxury of this kind of riding. We went up and down the Grand Canal in one, and through the Jeddo and several smaller canals. We went twice slowly under the Bridge of Sighs in one, and called at our banker's, and visited several churches, and the Academy of Fine Arts, and the wonderful collection of old manuscripts. We went to see the Arsenal, and over to the Sido, a place of public resort for walking and recreation, upon an island a mile or two from the city. Returning from this last-mentioned excursion, we came by the way of another small island, which is occupied by the Armenian monastery, the only abode of monks I have yet seen that I was pleased with.

I may hereafter give you a particular account of what I saw and heard at this Armenian Convent. It is the place where, it is said, all the printing is done for the scattered but still numerous members of this ancient branch of the Christian Church. Unlike most of those who live in monasteries, the monks in this little community are industrious, and withal learned men. Some of them understand and print books in twenty-seven languages. They showed us a volume containing a prayer of the church in that number of different dialects. We bought of them several of their publications; and they gave us a printed catalogue of all the books that have been issued from their press. The only *American* works they have translated and printed in the Armenian language, are *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and a small collection of Mr. Bryant's Poems.

But I have no time now to tell you more of this interesting community. And I must omit all the rest that I intended to tell you about Venice, her churches with their sepulchral monuments; her palaces, few if any of which retain their pristine splendor, and several of which have degenerated into hotels; her gallery of paintings, in which is Titian's Assumption, accounted by connoisseurs the third best picture in the world. Neither can I now tell you of the Piazza St. Marco; nor of the famous, old, gorgeous, queer, dilapidated Cathedral dedicated to that Saint; nor of the Old Ducal Palace, the abode of a long line of Doges, with its hall of audience, and its chambers of secret conclave, and summary judgment; that mysterious building from which issued that stern power which, under various names, for centuries, was the government of Venice and her dependencies. I cannot now describe to you the dark dungeons under that palace in which were confined, or secretly put to death, the real or suspected enemies of that jealous and vigilant tyranny; nor the Bridge of Sighs, upon which I stood awhile and looked through the massive grating of the window, at which so many of the haters of oppression took leave of the light of day and the hope of life.

All these must be left until my return; and I must hurry you, as we were hurried, off to this very different but very beautiful capital of the Austrian Empire.

We took our departure, as I have said, on the morning of the 19th. Our gondola brought us and our baggage to the railroad depôt, and after an hour's detention, while the passports and baggage of ourselves and our fellow-passengers were examined, we started in a good car, upon an excellent railroad, to come round the head of the Adriatic Sea, to take the railroad from Trieste to Vienna. We came on the iron way about seventy miles to a town called Casarsa. We passed through a country abounding in vegetable wealth and the products of agricultural industry. But everywhere we met the engines and minions of horrid war that is going to desolate, God only knows, how many fields as fair as those we passed. Thousand of soldiers were on their way, on foot, on horseback and in carriages of various sorts, to the arena on which are to be contested the opposing claims of Austria and Piedmont. Much as I have long abhorred war, it appears to me more hateful than ever, now that I have had a nearer view of its impious desecration of humanity. Next to enslaving a man, the worst misuse that can be made of him, is to make him a soldier, to reduce him to a machine for shooting and stabbing fellow-beings. A soldier is little else than a machine. He is not allowed to have a will or a conscience of his own. He must obey orders, whether they seem to him right or wrong. Since I came to Europe, especially in the northern part of Italy, I have seen tens of thousands of men, most of them in the bloom of early manhood—none of them past the prime of life, going, or carried along the roads to kill other men whom they have not yet seen, for causes about which they know nothing, and in which they have no personal interest. The subjection of slaves is not more entire.

At Casarsa we left the car, the railroad being finished no further; and after awhile succeeded in getting a coach to take us twenty-five miles, to the city of Udine. Mr., Mrs. and Miss E. Hoar, of Concord, Mass., whom we were so fortunate as to meet again at Venice, were now of our party. We reached the place of our destination, and found it a bright, busy little city of 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants. We past a comfortable night, and the next morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, took a good post coach for Nabrazini where we were to take the train on the railroad from Trieste to Vienna.

We rode that evening until 9 1-2 o'clock, and then stopped for the night at Adelsberg, that we might visit one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. For awhile, after the train had passed on, we repented our curiosity. We found the town full of soldiers, every room in every hotel occupied by officers. Four thousand men and six hundred horses, we were told, had passed through Adelsburgh that day, and thousands more were quartered there for the night. A party of English gentlemen and ladies were in the same predicament. It seemed inevitable, that we must spend the night in the depôt. But John E., who is not easily posed by difficulties, started off, and after an hour's absence returned with the joyful tidings that he had obtained lodgings for us in a good private house. With our bags and satchels we followed him, in the dark, through paths and streets, unseen as well as unknown, more than a mile, to a comfortable house on the other side of the town. But we were too large a company to be provided for quickly, at such short notice. So it was half after twelve before we had eaten our supper, and our beds were prepared. None of us got to sleep until after 1 o'clock. And at 4 1-2 o'clock, Mr. Hoar, Mr. Sewall, John E. and myself, were up and dressed, determined, though not in very good plight, to explore the "Adelsberg Grotto"—deservedly as famous in this part of the world as "The Mammoth Cave" is in our country.

"The Adelsberg Grotto" has become a national institution. It is under the supervision of an official appointed by his Imperial Highness. So we repaired to the office, and made known our wishes to the half asleep superintendent. He took our names and our fees; gave us tickets and guides, and we were marched off about a mile over a narrow, rural, picturesque road. We should not have thought of its narrowness, had we not been repeatedly driven to the wall by companies of soldiers and their camp wagons.

At a quarter after 5 we were at the mouth of the cave. It stands almost immediately over the spot where a stream of water, as large as our Onondaga Creek, disappears beneath the mountain.

The door was thrown open and we entered a dark, wet cavern. Torches were soon lighted, and we commenced our subterranean tour. About 1,000 feet from the entrance, we heard the noise of rushing waters, and soon after saw, by the light of the torches carried before us, the lost river struggling on over a rocky bed far below us. We descended thirty or forty feet, and then suddenly entered through a narrow opening, a vast hall called the Dome. It is 300 feet long, 100 feet high, and nearly as wide. We then descended by rude steps, that have been cut in the rock by order of the Government, nearly to the bed of the river, and having climbed up by the same means the opposite side, we entered a series of chambers larger and smaller, bearing names suggested by their rude resemblances to some things upon the surface of the earth, and presenting to our admiration objects too numerous for me to mention here. Had I the talent of my excellent friend, Mrs. L. M. Child, I would attempt some description of what we saw. Suffice it to say that one chamber looked like a Gothic Church, as large again as ours. Several pillars, and pendent arches, and a more perfect pulpit, suggested the idea. In another room we saw what the guides called a butcher's shop; and it was not difficult to discern, in the stalactites that hung from the ceiling, and the stalagmites that lay upon the floor, resemblances to the counter, the block, the cleaver and various kinds of meat. In another room we were shown what really looked like a throne, with its steps and cushioned seat and canopy. And then we were led into the ball-room, with its orchestra, and side seats, and smooth floor. Once or twice a year it has been occupied by large companies of young men and maidens, who have gathered here from the surrounding country for the pleasures of music and dancing. There are wooden fixtures arranged about the hall, to illuminate it when wanted for this purpose, which I confess seems to me a desecration of the place. I should as soon think of dancing in the crypt of St. Peters.

As we were passing out of this chamber, we were arrested by the sound of tolling bells, such as we have often heard from the campinele of a Catholic Church. A guide had run ahead, and was striking up on two large, thin stalactites that had been found to be particularly sonorous.

We afterwards came into what the guides called Mount Calvary, and not without reason, for there was an abrupt mound, upon which were standing three stalagmites, that certainly did look like crosses.

But I can detail no more, though the half has not been told. We were more than two hours in the cave, and must have walked underground more than five miles; for the inner extremity, to which we went, was over two miles from the entrance. My only disappointment was in the want of brilliancy. Most of the stalactites were dim. Many of them were very translucent, particularly several that resembled shawls and curtains hanging in graceful folds, and one of them with a lace border. But few of them sparkled, as I believe they do in the Mammoth Cave.

On the whole, however, I was ready to testify, on coming out, that what I had witnessed had surpassed my expectations. I would advise no traveller, who shall come into this part of Europe, to fail of a visit to the "Adelsberg Grotto."

But oh! nothing that we had seen in that dark cavern, equalled in beauty the scene that presented itself to our admiring eyes when we emerged from it. Never did the light of day seem so beautiful, so soft, so all-pervading, yet so unobtrusive. It was a universal presence. It seemed to be a maternal bosom upon which all the fields and trees, and the whole landscape were reposing most lovingly. We walked back over the same narrow, rural road, by which we had come from the village, and met a great many peasants, most of them women, returning from the village church, where they had been to Mass, and to say and sing their morning prayers.

After an excellent breakfast, which we gladly paid for, with a large "*buonamano*" superadded, we took the cars at 9 1-2, determined not to stop anywhere, until we should reach Vienna.

Our day's ride was not fatiguing, and every way agreeable. The cars were easy, our fellow passengers obliging and sociable with us, so far as they could be, being almost as ignorant of my language as I was of theirs. The country we passed through was highly cultivated, and sometimes very picturesque, although for the most part quite level. We dined at Leibutz, and took supper at Gratz, and every five or ten miles stopped, for a longer or a shorter time, at a thriving village. The style of the country houses was much more agreeable to my American eyes than those I had seen in Italy. The people looked cleaner and in better condition, though everywhere women and girls seemed to be doing the field work quite as much as the men and boys.

On leaving Gratz, I found it had become too dark for me to see anything out of the window. So I composed myself as well as I could for a night's rest, and slept three or four hours. At 4 o'clock I found the country had become visible again. So I threw off my shawl, and sat up to enjoy as I might the passing views. We had entered upon an extended plain, which was diversified only by the varied exuberance of different kinds of vegetation, and an occasional village or smaller collection of houses. At 5 1-2 we came in sight of Vienna, and in about an hour afterwards we were well established in this excellent hotel—*The Empress Elizabeth.*

Yours truly, S. J. MAY.

A TWILIGHT VISION.

WHEN the stealthy twilight's coming is shadowing the room,
And the cheerful fire leaps upward, the brighter for the gloom,
And a sense of all the blessings that God has made our own,
Seems clearer to the spirit than when the daylight shone;

Then, in that holy season of thankfulness and prayer,
The solemn angel-monitors God stations everywhere,
Draw back the folded curtains whereon our day-dreams glow,
And show, behind, the miseries that other hearts must know.

And so, last evening, sitting with dear household voices round,
Making their pleasant music, there came a deeper sound,
A voice that called my spirit from the fireside, far away
To where a woman and a slave upon her death-bed lay.

Before her eyes already had passed a dread eclipse,
And her hand groped round for water to wet her fevered lips;
"They have not left me even one," in anguished tones she said,
"Of all the children I have borne, to hold my dying head.

"My children always cheered me, they were so good and kind,
But sometimes when I looked at them, a thought would cross my mind
That used to make the sunshine of summer days feel cold,—
The thought the dreadful day would come when they should all be sold.

"But I tried hard to forget it and to think it could not be,
For I was everything to them and they were all to me,
And it seemed well-nigh impossible that any human heart
Was cold enough and harsh enough to tear us all apart.

"So they grew up and worked with me under the bright sunshine
Until I dared to look at them and think of them as mine.
It was not long that on my heart this sense of comfort lay,
For very soon they came to take my eldest boy away.

"They rang their silver, coin by coin, under my very eyes,
It sounded louder in their ears than could a mother's cries:
Then I gathered all my children, save the lost one, in despair,
As a hen folds in her chickens when a hawk is in the air.

"They came again, and then again, again, and then again,
They bore one off from me each time, those iron-hearted men,
Till, of the six my God hath given, they left to me but one,
And then they bade me bow my head and say, 'His will be done!'

"They left my youngest, and for her I toiled with double strength
When master's working-hours were through, that I might earn at length
Enough to buy her freedom back, when the sure day should come
And bring those men to take from me what made my hut a home.

"Ten years of toil had passed away (she was but six years old
When tightly folded in my arms she saw her sister sold;)
And now she was a woman grown, so active and so gay,
That light of heart as any bird, she sang the livelong day.

"Ten years of toil had quickly passed and added to our store;
So that each day the certainty of freedom grew still more;
The price was high, too, I had set, for I'd a mother's pride,—
And yet the beauty of my child I only wished to hide.

"They came at last: we felt prepared, nay, I felt even glad,
That I could hold within my hand the only claim I had
To call her daughter, seeing that which, at her hour of birth,
God gave in heaven, was valueless as dust upon the earth.

"They came, and we with trembling hands counted the money out,—
But master hardly looked at it, and said, turning about,
'Ten times the money that lies there, was paid for her to-night,
And she must go!' Then everything grew black before my sight.

"And she was gone, and from that time I only wished for death.
Now it has come, how willingly I breathe my latest breath!
But thou hast told me in my heart not long, O Lord, not long
Shall the race be to the swift and the battle to the strong."

I saw no more, my saddened soul returned to whence it came;
Less brightly then before my eyes leapt up the cheerful flame;
And louder than those voices dear I heard the question sound,—
"Do ye remember those in bonds as ye with them were bound?"

Elmwood, Cambridge, U. S. MARIA LOWELL.

—*Liberty Bell*, 1847.

THE PREACHER OF BECKENHAM BARN.

From The (London) Nonconformist.

IMAGINE us, dear readers, on the glorious summer evening of Sunday, June 5, in the present year of grace, wending our way past the hedge-rows and fields of one of the most delightful portions of quiet, rural England—the road to the village of Beckenham. As we pass the farms, with their poultry and their stacks of wheat and hay, the fields studded with flowers, and the cottages with roses, jasmines and honeysuckles climbing to their very roofs, we can hardly believe that we are not six miles from that place so familiar to all mile-stone students, the Royal Exchange, Cornhill. If Londoners did but know that within half-an-hour's ride of the city, there lay, embossed amongst the tall trees, a country Dryad but half as charming as this, how would they speed to her for the words of Rest which she knows so well to bestow.

But it is not to admire country cottages, to count the farms, or to gaze along the fields, that we are walking to Beckenham. The fame of the preacher of Beckenham Barn has reached our ears, and we are not vulgarly curious, but deeply interested, to hear and see the Christian lady to whom we are indebted for the "Memorials of Hedley Vicars" and "English Hearts and English Hands." We had understood that Miss Marsh had not discontinued her Sunday evening addresses, although the two or three hundred navvies for whom they were originated had left the place, but that on Sunday, and occasionally on other evenings, she still, in her own way, preached the Gospel to the poor. We had imagined that nothing might be more impressive than a Christian lady addressing a congregation of rough and untaught men, and earnestly beseeching them, in Christ's name, to return to their Father, for He who had more of woman's nature than any man that ever lived knew best how to touch the chords of human feeling and awaken from them notes of divinest music.

As we enter the almost silent village, we suddenly meet a lady walking with an Addiscome cadet on each side, and followed by other cadets and their companions. We pass them, and inquire of an old villager if he can direct us to where Miss Marsh preaches? "Why, sir, there she goes between two sodgers," was the reply. We followed, and in a minute or two arrived at Beckenham Farm. The farm gates were open, and crossing the clean farmyard, we were soon by the spacious open doors of Beckenham Barn. We shall not easily or soon forget our first impression of the assembled congregation, for—alas for our preconceived notions!—instead of a meeting of farm laborers, mechanics and villagers, we found a cramm